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Racism, Democracy, And Jesse Jackson

THE LIBERAL CASE FOR AL GORE · FRAGONARD AND DAVID HOCKNEY

LOUIS MENAND: HOW EMBARRASSING WERE THE 1960s?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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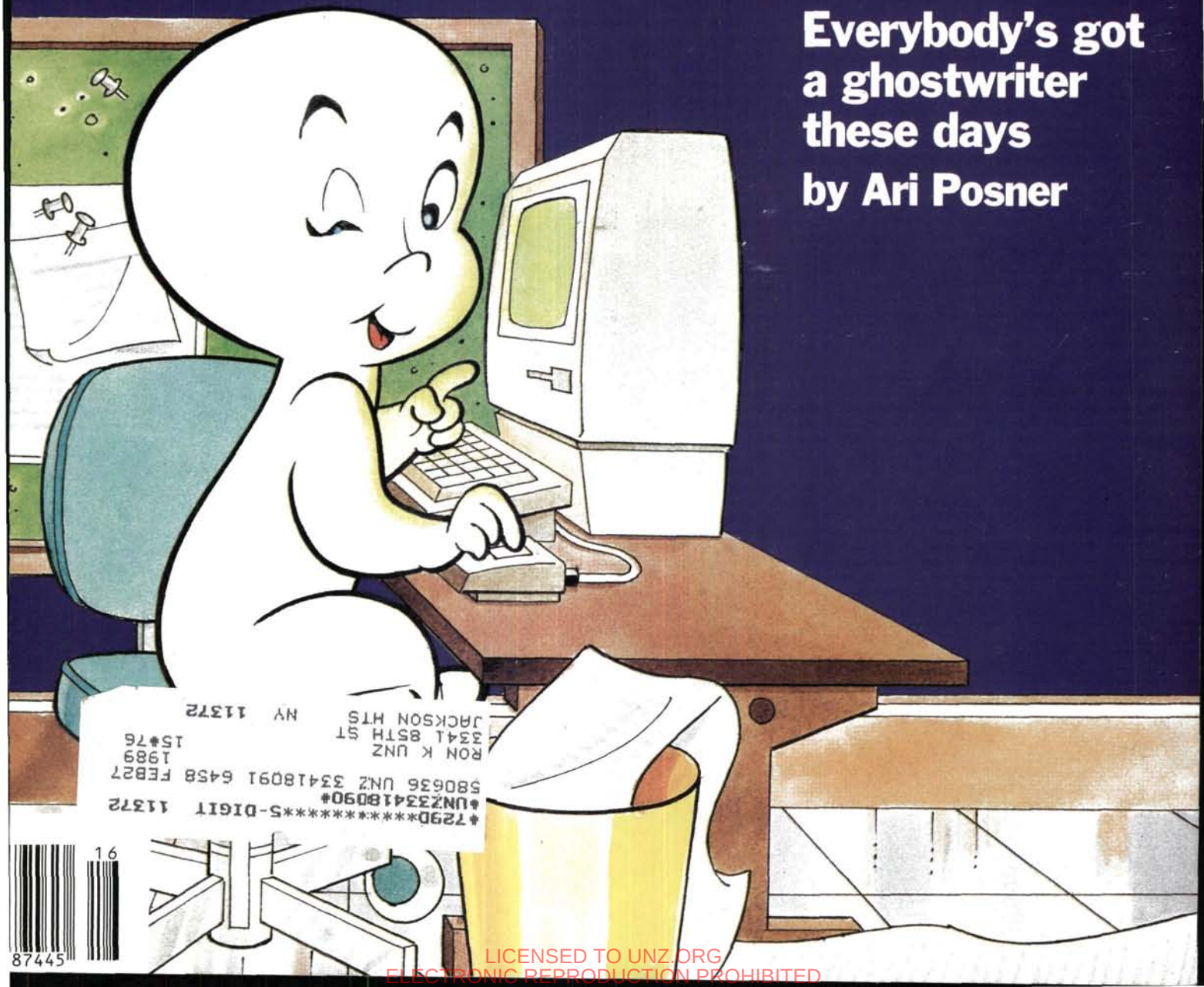

Everybody's got a ghostwriter these days

by Ari Posner

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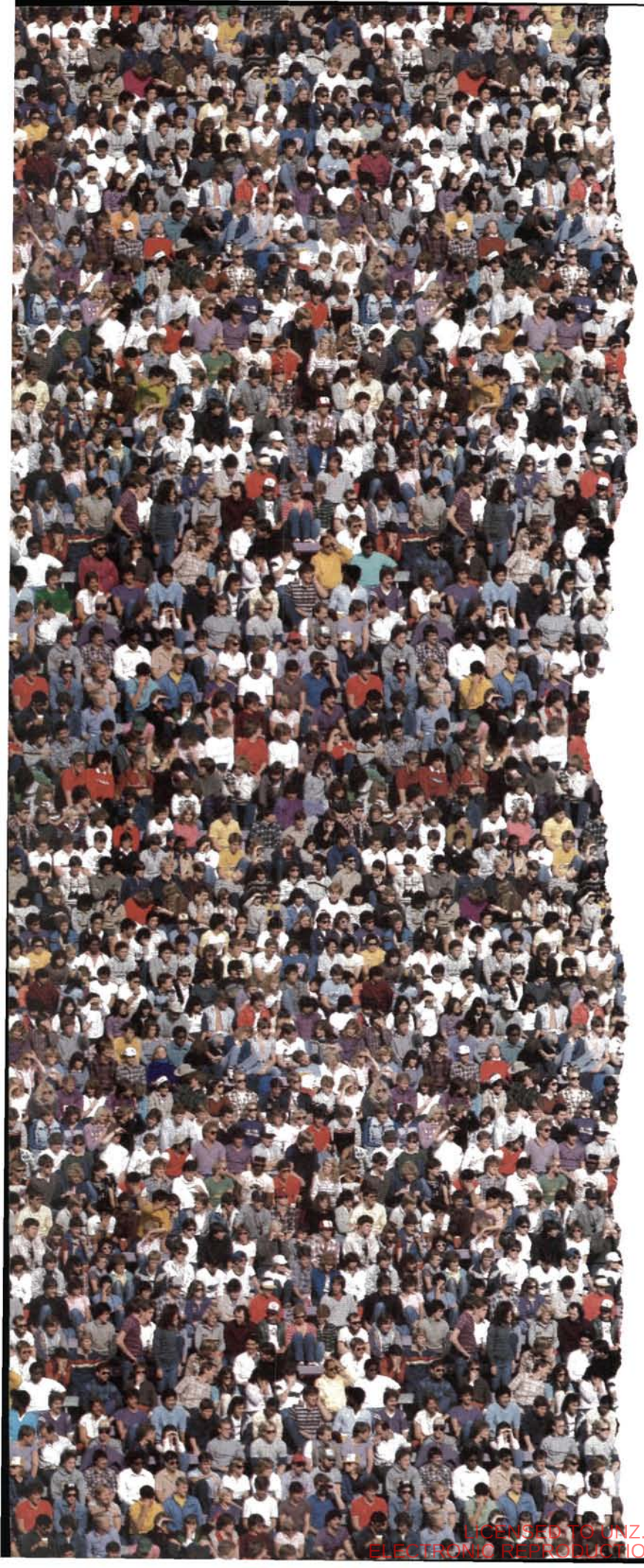

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,822

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CORRESPONDENCE

PAPAL VALUES

To the editors:
In "Papal Gull" (March 14) a misreading of John Paul II's encyclical *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis* is evident in the statement that the pope "does not want to diminish his international influence with seeming partisanship" and the conclusion that the "unfortunate failure" of the encyclical is "based on political considerations." The papal letter must appear a failure if it is read primarily as a political document. But the encyclical is a theological statement, one rooted in a long Augustinian tradition reaching back to the beginning of the fifth century. If that is not appreciated, the document is seriously misinterpreted.

REV. MICHAEL J. HIMES
Notre Dame, Indiana

To the editors:
In "Papal Gull" TNR didactically proclaims that "socialism, for all its altruistic proclamations, produces cultures that are far more materialistic and less spiritual than liberal capitalism does." Doubtless this bit of social "science" was produced by the same survey that showed Bob Dole winning New Hampshire by one percent. If TNR's editorial offices were located in Concord, or even Calgary, one might blame parochialism for the editorial. Coming out of Washington, D.C., however, you must know better than your remarks indicate. A walk among the family farmers of the Ukraine or even the Yerevan bazaar will reveal more spiritual qualities than an evening stroll up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Georgetown section of your city.

CHARLES J. ORLOSKI JR.
Taylor, Pennsylvania

DOLE'S DEFENSE

To the editors:
Bob Dole doesn't remember the last movie he saw, and reads newsmagazines to relax ("Dole's Charm" by Hendrik Hertzberg, March 7). He has a dry sense of humor that is his own. What is this country coming to? What this country needs is a man who knows Hulk Hogan's win-loss record and has seen every Rambo film. We need a man who includes Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra in his circle of intimates. Four more years!

DAVID J. MANN
Crescent City, California

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

To the editors:
Pearl K. Bell, in her review of four "Southern" books ("Southern Discomfort," February 29), notes that the "present generation of writers has grown up in a regional world that bears little resemblance to Faulkner's," with the passing of the "paternalistic interdependence of blacks and whites." Yet she wails when she does not find sufficient racial tension. Grappling with racial issues need not be mandatory for "new Southern writers"; racism exists, but today it is certainly not uniquely regional. Her remarks on Gail Godwin's *A Southern Family* are so intensely prejudicial ("Indeed, the only characters who seem genuinely Southern . . . are the nasty backwoods relatives of Theo's ex-wife, a squalid, hot-tempered clan of rednecks") that I imagine her view of the South is of a land still teeming with hookworm and weakened by pellagra, where we still go to one-room schoolhouses barefoot and in overalls.

PAUL CAMPBELL ERWIN
Albertville, Alabama

HONEST RELATIONSHIP

To the editors:
It is beyond me how the distinction between protectionism and reciprocity escapes TNR so completely ("The Man To Beat," March 7). Smoot-Hawley-like protectionism is a variation on the theme "I'm going to take my ball home and not play anymore." Here everyone loses as the world shrinks. Richard Gephardt's trade bill concerns itself with fair play. It rightly questions the relationships with those who make up the rules as they go along and depend upon our playing strictly by them. It opens up a discussion not yet undertaken and offers clear options. Here everyone wins as we become more mutually accountable instead of depending indefinitely upon false relationships.

DALE ROSENBERGER
Bexley, Ohio

MOSCOW'S MEET MARKET

To the editors:
As a member of the Political Section of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow from June 1986 to August 1987, I was able to observe embassy operations before and after the alleged "spy scandal" ("The Cold Shoulder" by Charles Strouse, February 29). Security procedures were revised during this period, but the goal was to clarify existing rules, not place additional burdens on personnel. The security rules about which Mr. Strouse complains—that embassy officers travel in pairs to meet Soviet citizens and report suspicious contacts—were policies that preceded the scandal. Contrary to his belief, contact names were kept confidential, not put on typewriter ribbons that would "disappear."

Mr. Strouse acknowledges that the embassy has "bugs in every piece of plaster," yet he deems it paranoia that confidential conversations are written on erasable pads or conducted in soundproof rooms. While staying in a hotel room in the Ukraine I awoke one morning to find myself being observed through a peephole in the ceiling. I was frequently followed during work and non-work hours. Those of us who worked in the embassy understood that security rules existed for our own protection. Mr. Strouse agreed to abide by these rules and then knowingly broke them. He should not be so astonished that he was reprimanded.

ROBERT SOKOTA
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:
Another dimension to the Moscow embassy fallout is the way it has impaired the performance of some of our ablest foreign service officers in Foggy Bottom. Employees have been punished for fraternizing with citizens of countries that were not at the time of contact on the "non-fraternization list," or have had overseas tours curtailed for informal social contact with neighbors in communist countries even though such contact was not proscribed. And some have been interrogated about alleged friendships with citizens of *allied* countries—which at bottom is nothing more than a fishing expedition into the employee's lifestyle. The American Foreign Service Association is committed to diplomatic security. After all, it is our members whose lives and secrets are at stake. But we must ensure that our security rules are imple-

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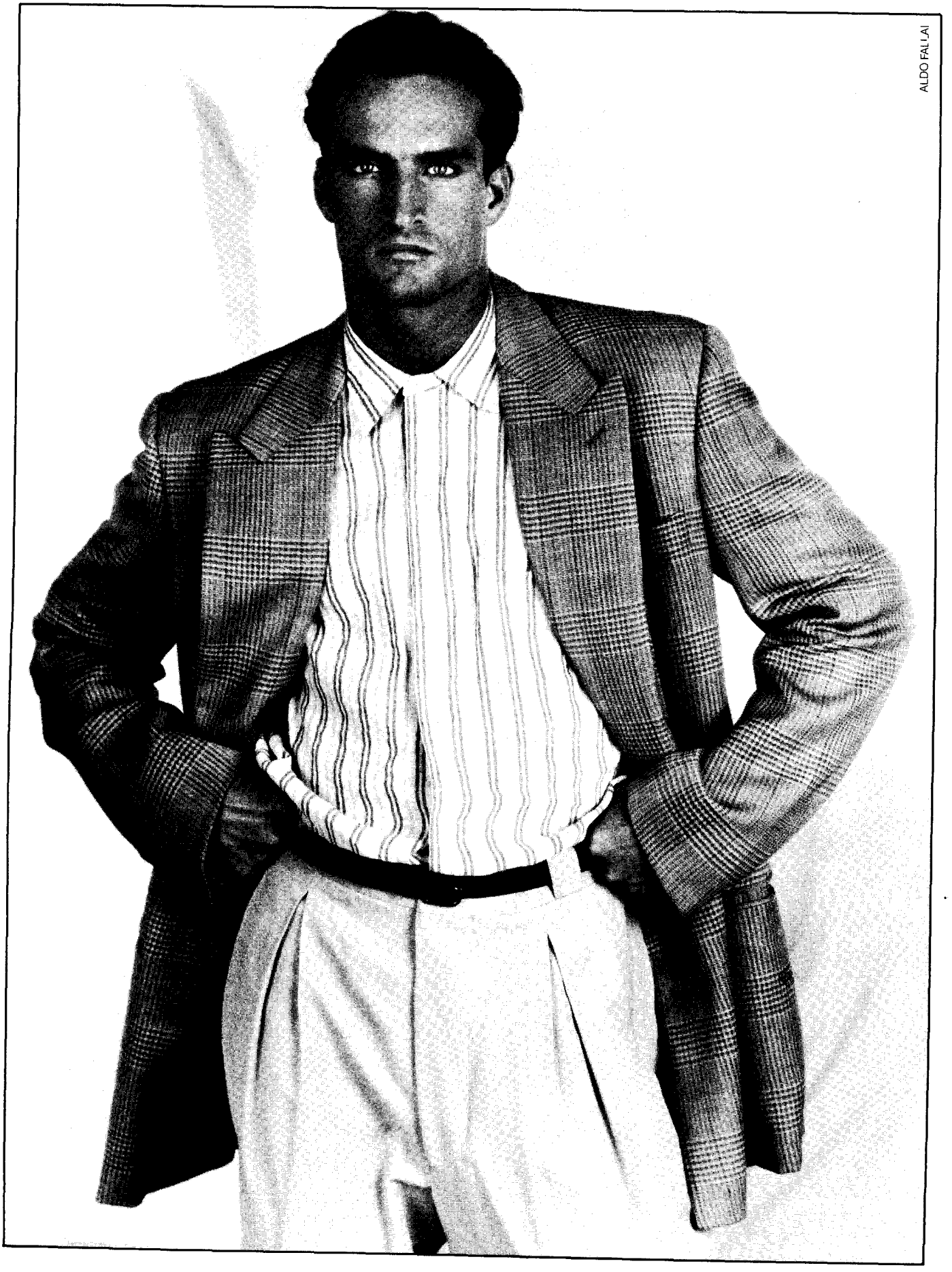

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A major contribution to our understanding of the modern totalitarian mentality

THE VELVET PRISON —

ARTISTS UNDER STATE SOCIALISM

MIKLÓS HARASZTI

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"Extremely well translated . . . . Remarkably prophetic of the changes and relaxations that have since come about in the Soviet Union and its eastern satellites . . . . Apart form the political and topical interest of his commentary, Mr. Haraszti raises questions of great theoretical interest. He makes us aware of the more or less unconscious assumptions that underlie the values and practices of Western art."—John Bayley, *New York Times Book Review*

"An unusual book . . . . Grasps the unbreathable spiritual atmosphere of contemporary Communist states. Haraszti's book is all the more significant since it reveals the intellectual debacle of a regime usually praised for its more flexible approach to cultural matters."—Vladimir Tismaneanu, *Society*

"Haraszti's shrewd, sardonic book gives one of the deepest acocunts of the attitudes informing the conservative and parasitic culture of today, 'ours' as well as 'theirs'. This is a book that makes one more intelligent—and less depressed. **An indispensable book.**"—Susan Sontag

"Brilliant . . . . The fine, ironic edge of this book cuts many ways."—Thomas D'Evelyn, *Christian Science Monitor*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 18, 1988

BAD

Eight years ago liberals were aghast that the country would consider electing a movie actor president of the United States. Ronald Reagan struck many as a skilled manipulator of public emotions with only the vaguest understanding of public policy; a dangerous sloganeer; a man whose political views consisted of simpleminded bromides, whose attempts to present himself as reassuringly mainstream were belied by his past record and his present association with advisers from various extremist think tanks.

Some liberals have changed their minds about Ronald Reagan, but these are not the ones who may now be considering a vote for Jesse Jackson. Those who feel their fears about a Reagan presidency have been borne out ought to apply the same degree of skepticism to the man who went to Cuba and chanted, "Long Live Fidel Castro, Long Live Che Guevara!" as they do to the man who once denounced the Civil Rights Act and equated Medicare with socialism. Judging from his experience, his views, and his character, Jesse Jackson is not qualified to be president of the United States.

Let us begin with character, an issue that forced two of Jackson's Democratic rivals out of the race. Does anything Joe Biden or Gary Hart did compare to the disgusting episode of the bloody shirt? So far in the campaign, only Michael Kramer of *U.S. News and World Report* has reported Jackson's grotesque misrepresentation of his role after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. The TV networks haven't mentioned it. Jackson has repeatedly claimed to have been at King's side and covered with his blood when he was shot at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis. In fact, he was far away in the courtyard. Kramer quotes King aide Hosea Williams as saying that right after the shooting, "Jesse shouted to us all not to talk to the press. Then I saw him telling reporters, 'Yes, I was the last man in the world King spoke to.' He said he held King in his arms." Witnesses say it was Ralph Abernathy who cradled King. But the next morning Jackson appeared on the NBC "Today Show" wearing a turtleneck stained with what he said was King's blood. For years Jackson has repeated the bloody shirt story. When Kramer confronted Jackson with the evidence, he simply said, "It did happen as I said."

If the media character cops applied the same standards to Jackson as they have to the other candidates, they would expose in greater detail his personal finances and his administration of Operation PUSH. They would treat Jackson's claim to be a totally different person from the one he was in 1984 and before—more moderate, broad-minded, statesmanlike—with at least the same skepticism spent on Richard Gephardt's "flip-flops" and Michael Dukakis's "arrogance" and Al Gore's "pandering." The "new Jackson" is about as convincing as the "new Nixon."

Jackson's public philosophy, charitably labeled "populism," also deserves fuller exposure. Like Reagan's, his are the extremely effective politics of resentment, long on grievances, short on decent alternatives. Reagan tapped some genuine resentments over the failures and abuses of government, but attempted to use them on behalf of a radical program of abandonment of the government's public mission. Just so, Jackson taps some genuine resentments over social inequality and business abuse, but uses them to promote a vision that would turn the American economy into a decrepit copy of Britain under the Labour Party.

Jackson's rhetoric is hysterical and inflammatory; many of his words are just plain claptrap. Working people, he says, are victims of "economic violence." He says that "multinational banks and corporations have forged a new global order which has replaced unionized labor at home with slave labor abroad." And so on. Unlike Richard Gephardt, Jackson doesn't even pretend that his trade policy is aimed at reciprocity. He would ban foreign goods simply because Third World workers are paid less. Though he unctuously denounces "slave labor," his alternative for the Third World is essentially unemployment, and his alternative for the United States is a walled-off economy of stasis and decline. To help the farmers, he would impose production quotas on agriculture—though this would raise food prices for everyone, including the poor. He would undo the bipartisan achievement of tax reform and restore the 70 percent top rate for personal income taxes along with the 48 percent rate for corporations. He opposes any work requirement for welfare, endorses an expanded version of affirmative action that would put the government in the business of setting job quotas and salaries throughout the economy, and his position papers imply

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that he favors government credit controls as well.

Jackson would like to see a government "code of conduct for American business to ensure that its investment decisions are made in the best interests of the community." He says that "to do business in America must require a commitment to our workers, our families, and our communities." This kind of talk could mean almost nothing. It could even mean some good things, long-needed reforms such as a plant-closing notification law (which all the remaining Democratic candidates favor). It also could mean a truly destructive level of government interference in the marketplace. Jackson should be forced to be specific. His program is not socialist in the sense that he wants government to own the means of productions, but neither is he much of a believer in capitalism, free trade, and the market—the engines of modernization, economic growth, and, ultimately, freedom.

Just as mainstream American liberalism, unlike the European left, has always retained its belief in capitalism, however much it might wish to tinker around the edges, American liberals have always believed that the United States and the Western alliance are a force for good in a dangerous world and must be kept strong for that reason. The best evidence is that Jesse Jackson does not share this bedrock assumption of American politics. His campaign literature refers to the Soviet "threat" in quotation marks. So contemptuous of American behavior abroad, he never seems alarmed by Soviet intentions. What kind of leader would Jackson make for the free world?

The most characteristic feature of Jackson's foreign policy long has been to identify with radical Third World liberation movements. His campaign literature boasts that "only one candidate went to Nicaragua in 1984 to stand up against Reagan's secret wars," and "only one candidate went to Cuba to publicly oppose Reagan's refusal to reopen relations with Castro." He opposed the Grenada in-

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	THE BIG MO TOWN	*	3
2.	SMOKE-FILLED RUMORS	—	1
3.	BLACK MAN'S BURDEN	—	1
4.	FOR WANTING TO NAIL	1	15
5.	PUFF PEACE	*	10
6.	MEDIUM GHOUL	5	3
7.	ROUGH TRADE-OFF	—	1
8.	START AT THE END	*	3
9.	POWER CONDUCTORS	*	10
10.	JAG'D EDGE	—	1

Jackson. Can Jackson survive his own success? Does he even want this much success? The irony of Jackson's position is that the more credible he becomes politically, the smaller his role as an above-the-fray moral force. By the way, Michigan's message is that the Dems' race remains an open one; the sensational President Jackson scenario reflects a political press gone nuts.

Superdelegates. The 645 "superdelegates" were supposed to be the cavalry in the developing Democrats-in-distress melodrama. But though they seem an awful lot like the old-fashioned boys in the back room, they dare not even look like they're robbing Jackson. The party seems to have thought it could have both an open and a closed process. Now it's got chaos.

Black influence. Blacks now wield more power than ever. It's not just Jackson, it's Bork, the Senate, Grove City. The cultural role has expanded too, from movies to stage to the networks. Black failure is often attributed to a sense of powerlessness; that self-image may change. A logical step would be for various economic self-help efforts, now floundering, to get a boost.

Nicaragua. What's all this Who-Lost-Nicaragua stuff? "Freedom" there simply ceased to be an issue here; the whole matter was completely subsumed within U.S. domestic politics. Even many anti-communist insiders are content to have an election issue with which to slug the "liberals," as the second House vote on *contra* aid made grossly plain.

Smoking. Current litigation has the tobacco industry sounding unusually defensive, but the real smoking action is Northwest Airlines' total ban. Commerce, not law, is the culture's language. When a smoking ban becomes a positive selling point for a mass enterprise, more than access to airplane seats is at stake for smokers. This is about "official" mainstream censure.

Splatter news. Last week's *Faces of Death* "news" footage was of gassing victims. Though disguised as a dispatch from the Iran-Iraq war, it in fact occasioned no information about the caught-in-the-middle Kurds (they were the victims, in case you missed it); it was a tsk-tsk end in itself. Actually, there was a follow-up "report": Iraqi-Kurdish fistfights among immigrants in Detroit.

Preppy murder trial. Dreadful crimes occur daily, so what made this case news? The murder? The sex? The "preppies"? Americans look up to the rich, but hate the rich's children. Popular perception is that they are never on the line for anything they do. The victim in this case got no sympathy; the trial was an opportunity to gawk while one (or two) rich kids paid.

START. Does anybody really want Reagan to get near a START treaty at this point in his presidency? The script seems to call for a spring summit to help Gorbo at home, then *another* summit to get an inside track for a Nobel. This is a nice piece of commercial bourgeois manipulation; Ludlum can use it next summer. As a route to massive disarmament, it might occasion some debate.

Decline. Paul Kennedy's book made U.S. decline a front-burner issue. Response to Kennedy has been thin; e.g., decline is dismissed as merely "fashionable." On the business page, the story continues. In the application of superconductor technology, the Japanese have *thousands* of patents, we're nowhere.

Jaguars. Jaguars were once a highway rarity; suddenly they're (relatively) common. Carheads cite improved performance, but there's another view: they're the new BMW. BMWs became the prime example of Yuppie Porn and, post-Crash, may have lost some cachet. There's no point in paying for status and instead getting a punch line, so this market may be settling elsewhere.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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vasion and the reprisal attack on terrorist Libya. Potential Jackson voters who don't share these views should at least be aware of them.

Jackson still advocates a mutual nuclear freeze with the Soviet Union, but meanwhile he unilaterally opposes all weapons systems that might induce the Soviets to bargain about arms control. He favors a U.S. troop pullout from Europe and reductions in the defense budget of at least $100 billion. The "Jackson Doctrine" for the Third World will be to stop interfering with "different social and political experiments." If any such "experiments"—Kampuchea?—are exceptions to his doctrine, he has not said so. He is for cutting off military aid to right-wing "undemocratic governments" like South Korea but favors aid to no less ruthless dictatorships in the Third World.

The candidates have gone easy on Jackson because they are afraid to offend his black constituents. The press has done so partly because Jackson was deemed to have no chance of nomination and partly, we suspect, because a black candidate is held to a lower standard of ethics and political coherence than a white candidate. A miasma of mawkishness has descended upon his entire effort. Now, however, Americans voters deserve to know what kind of president Jackson would be and what kind of policies he would put into effect. Democrats deserve to know their party's prospects if they nominate him for president or vice president.

Despite Jackson's remarkable success so far, even past results suggest that his message holds little appeal for the American voter. His votes have come overwhelmingly from blacks, and there is every reason to suppose that they are motivated more by racial pride than by approval of his positions on the issues. At the very least, we can say that Jackson gains more votes from blacks who don't share his views but support him because of his race than he loses from whites who do share his views but *oppose* him because of his race. Black candidates with more mainstream views now routinely get a much larger share of the white vote than Jackson has gotten.

Blacks represent only about 11 percent of the eligible voters in America. Even in the tiny turnout Democratic primaries this year, Jackson is consistently winning under ten percent of the white vote in most states (seven percent in Iowa, Illinois, and in the 14 Southern states on Super Tuesday, according to CBS-*New York Times* exit polls), rising to 18 percent in Massachusetts. In the Michigan caucuses, he got perhaps 25 percent of the white vote—about 35,000 people in a state with 1.5 million core Democrats who voted for Mondale in 1984. Arab-American activists claim that their adherents may have accounted for 12,000 to 16,000 of Jackson's white votes in Michigan, thanks to his consistent alignment with the Arab cause in the Mideast.

Were Jackson to win a place on the Democratic ticket, the result would be certain and apocalyptic defeat—the 50-state defeat that eluded both George McGovern and Walter Mondale, perhaps resulting in loss of the Senate and House and even the partisan realignment that Ronald Reagan failed to bring about. The Democratic Party has failed to carry a majority of the white vote since 1964, but it can be competitive in a national election with 46 percent (Carter in 1976). In a March 10 *Time* poll 56 percent of whites (49 percent of the total electorate) said they definitely would not vote Democratic if Jackson were the presidential nominee (45 percent if he were the vice presidential nominee).

We are not counseling a plot to deny Jackson what is rightfully his. However, a mere plurality of the delegates or the popular vote at the end of primary season would not make the nomination rightfully his. If no one gets a majority, the nomination will be decided by a deal, and those with votes to broker have a perfect right to consider their own preferences—as well as electability—in deciding whom to support. That is true of other candidates and of the party-elder "superdelegates." There'd be no point in the superdelegates if they were morally obligated to mirror the results of the primaries, as Jackson is now demanding.

We are pleased that Albert Gore, TNR's candidate, has begun to criticize Jackson for his extreme foreign policy positions. This is only a beginning, however, both for Gore and for other leaders of the Democratic Party. Governor Dukakis has been especially cowardly. If they do not critique the Jackson agenda, and Jackson, he will be able to foist it—if not himself—onto the party. A Jackson platform will be almost as fatal to the Democratic Party as a Jackson candidacy.

NOTEBOOK

□ OUR PROBLEMS ARE OVER: While a lot of shortsighted people are brooding about the presidential election campaign, a small group with a bit more vision is attempting to move beyond the limitations of petty democracy to address our nation's problems on a sort of supra-electoral basis. The group, calling itself "We, Not the People"—no, actually calling itself "American Agenda, Incorporated"—has declared itself as an advisory body that will meet with the next president, whomever that may be, shortly after the election and give him "options" on "vexing issues" including "arms limitation, the deficit, international trade, fiscal policies, the environment," etc. And who better to tell next November's winner what to do than America's most eminent losers, former Presidents Ford and Carter? Ford and Carter chair the group, and the "executive directors" are their respective domestic policy advisers, James Cannon and Stuart Eizenstat. Members include Henry Kissinger (naturally), Brent Scowcroft, James D. Robinson III, Carla Hills, Warren Christopher, Robert Strauss, Alice Rivlin, Michael Blumenthal, Edmund Muskie, and Vernon Jordan. You are probably relieved to learn that, no matter whom you choose to vote for, the same self-important types who helped get us where we are today will be leading us out of it.

□ THE SLEAZEBALL WATCH: "In life," says former Democratic

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National Committee chairman Charles Manatt, "you've got to stand for certain things and believe in certain things." Manatt was explaining to *Legal Times*, a weekly Washington newspaper, why his prominent law and lobbying firm forced out a partner who insisted on representing Arizona Governor Evan Mecham at his impeachment trial. Sounds very noble, despite its seeming violation of the principle that every person is entitled to a lawyer. We think law firms—especially those, like Manatt's, that specialize in cashing in on their political connections—ought to think more often about whether the causes they represent violate their principles. However, Manatt's firm, like others in Washington, makes no such fastidious distinctions in choosing its lobbying clients. (And no one would argue that, as a matter of principle, every person is entitled to a lobbyist.) In fact, the real reason Manatt wanted nothing to do with Mecham probably had nothing to do with principles. As one lawyer quoted by *Legal Times* put it: "In the lobbying game, perception is everything, and the perception is that the firm's legislative [i.e., lobbying] practice would be hurt if it is seen as on Mecham's side."

□ DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO:

Shamir Assails His U.S. Jewish Critics

—*New York Times*, March 21

Shamir asks Jewish leaders for less criticism, more unity

—*Boston Globe*, same day

(thanks to David Strachman, Brookline, Massachusetts)

□ TIMES OF INDIA:

Anti-Gandhi Strike Grips Much of India

—*New York Times*, March 16

Anti-Gandhi strike fails to catch on

—*Washington Times*, same day

(thanks to Thomas J. Timmons, Arlington, Virginia)

CAMPAIGN '88

ODDS ON MIKE

IT'S NOT QUITE as bad as it looks for Michael Dukakis. Even after his landslide loss to Jesse Jackson in the Michigan caucuses on March 26, he's got a better chance than anyone else to be the Democratic presidential nominee. True, a Dukakis nomination is no longer inevitable, as it would have been if he'd won Michigan. But his prospects are brighter than those of the other white candidates, Albert Gore and Paul Simon. And Jackson isn't going to be the nominee. When the race narrows to two candidates in the late primaries (Pennsylvania, Ohio, Oregon, California, New Jersey), Jackson is bound to falter. His base, 95 percent of the black vote and ten percent to 20 percent of the white vote, guarantees him 35 percent, at best, in high-turnout primaries. Reaching beyond this is all but impossible for Jackson: his base is his ceiling. After the last primaries on June 7 Dukakis should be the one candidate left standing.

THAT, HOWEVER, is if all goes well for Dukakis after his impressive recovery in Connecticut on March 29. Wins in Wisconsin on April 5 and New York on April 19 are required. These are hardly givens. The Dukakis campaign has practically everything it needs—organization, money, clever consultants, endorsements, issues—except what's most important, an appealing candidate with a compelling message. But it's not too late to deal with this problem, and with others that trouble the Dukakis campaign.

Personality. Dukakis hasn't got much of one. The columnist Mark Shields characterizes Dukakis as Jimmy Carter without the humor, and says Dukakis thinks a wild evening consists of rearranging his sock drawer. The problem isn't Dukakis's lack of charisma. It's his failure to exude normal warmth and cheerfulness, which would allow voters outside the upper middle class to identify with him. As it stands, "There's a demographic fault in his candidacy," says Mark Siegel, a member of the Democratic National Committee. "He can't reach the base vote of the Democratic Party, the proletariat." Dukakis needs to make these folks feel he's one of them.

OK, so he can't have a personality transplant. But there are ways his campaign can compensate for his lack of the common touch. An example of the wrong way was Dukakis's March 3 appearance at a small factory in Tyler, Texas. The owner presented Dukakis, who was dressed in a pinstriped suit and white shirt, with a silver belt buckle. Dukakis acted as if a cow pie had been deposited in his hand. The owner said he hoped the buckle would remind Dukakis to say, "These people know what they're doing." Like a smart-ass, Dukakis immediately stepped to the microphone and declared, "These people know what they're doing. How's that?"

Surprising as it sounds, Dukakis needs to emulate George Bush, the preppy. After Bush's defeat in the Iowa caucuses, his aides put him in settings—driving a bulldozer, for instance—that made him seem less aloof, prim, and elitist. It worked. Dukakis's schedulers haven't learned this trick. On March 28 and 29, the Monday and Tuesday after his loss in Michigan, they scheduled him at a high school, a congressional hearing, and a string of closed-door fund-raisers. Dukakis passed up a debate in the Bronx to attend the fund-raisers in Washington. This is crazy. There are things he needs more than money right now. He ought to show up at day-care centers, union halls, coffee shops, and shopping centers. Another thing to do is be specific and personal about how problems that affect most Americans also touch him. He's worried about whether his son will be

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unemployed, say, or whether his daughter will be able to buy a house. Bush talks about his kids, and it works.

Message. In 1975 Hubert Humphrey grew angry when told that Dukakis had criticized him. "You know," he said, "there are two kinds of liberals. Dukakis is a process liberal, and I'm not. All he cares about is that the pipeline is neat and shiny and clean. He doesn't care if shit comes out the other end. But me, I don't care if the pipeline is cracked and rusty and shitty as long as the right result comes out the other end. That's the difference between us." Dukakis needs to be more the passionate Humphrey liberal, less the process liberal. He's done this before. In Iowa he abandoned his customary dismissal of aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* as a violation of the Rio Treaty. Instead he talked about "kids with their arms blown off, pregnant women assassinated and raped. . . ." This was demagoguery, but it got great press. David Broder of the *Washington Post* called it "the greening of Michael Dukakis."

Dukakis soon reverted to bureaucratese. Given a minute to summarize his domestic priorities during a televised debate in Chicago on March 10, Dukakis talked bloodlessly about "human services," "social services," "full employment," "putting our fiscal house in order," and "investing in regional development." What the heck are these? Never has a candidate been more in need of anecdotes. Each of these should be fleshed out with examples of who is suffering and how in the absence of exactly which services, who will get a job, who will benefit how from regional development. Dukakis has neglected to make the case that his presidency would make a large difference in people's lives. It is unconvincing to insist that he'd repeat the Massachusetts miracle nationally. After all, it's Democrats who've popularized the idea of a bicoastal economic boom. They've credited Reaganomics with the economic surge on the coasts and blamed it for economic troubles in the heartland.

Strategy. When David Dreyer, the former issues director of Gary Hart's campaign, met with Dukakis last August, he asked what Dukakis was doing to "create the necessary preconditions for a mandate" for new programs and policies. "You just don't understand," Dukakis responded. "All the preconditions are there for change." The biggest problem, he said, was curing the estrangement of Congress and the presidency on foreign policy. Dukakis was thinking too far ahead, and he still is. He'd better drop the arrogant notion that the nomination should be his because he's a superior person. (Dukakis's slogan in his 1974 campaign for Massachusetts governor was "Mike Dukakis Should Be Governor.") He's got to sell himself and his issues. His TV commercials haven't helped. In Illinois his chief ad argued that voters should go for him to avert a brokered convention. If that's the best reason to vote for Dukakis, he's a goner.

Jackson. On the day of the Michigan caucuses, Jackson met with Richard Gephardt. They embraced warmly. Gephardt staffers gave Jackson a round of applause. It was clear that Gephardt and Jackson, despite their differences, get along. Dukakis and Jackson don't. Unlike the other candidates, Dukakis doesn't communicate privately with Jackson. He should, if only because he's got to carry off a delicate maneuver. He must stop Jackson without mounting a stop-Jackson movement that alienates Jackson, drives away his supporters, and splits the party. Suddenly criticizing Jackson now will only cause trouble, partly because Jackson won't take it well, partly because Jackson has relentlessly avoided criticizing his foes and would come off as an innocent victim. Dukakis has to spell out his differences with Jackson, particularly on foreign policy, without attacking Jackson.

This can be done. Gore does it in nearly every televised debate, and Jackson remains calm. How come? Because Jackson chats with Gore regularly on the phone and likes him. Jackson values his personal relationship with Gore, and with Gephardt and Simon and Hart and Bruce Babbitt. For Dukakis's own sake, a day shouldn't go by when he doesn't schmooze with Jackson or with one of Jackson's advisers, such as Bert Lance. The time will come when he has to play hardball with Jackson, perhaps when Jackson formally claims a portion of the 645 superdelegates equal to his share of the popular vote. The better he gets along personally with Jackson now, the more amicably he'll be able to work through any clashes with Jackson later. And the more likely it is he'll be able to avoid the worst-case scenario—winning the nomination, but watching helplessly as Jackson storms out of the convention in a huff. Besides, Jackson might give Dukakis some useful tips on stirring crowds.

Dukakis has no time to waste in shaping up himself and his campaign. On top of everything else, he's got to worry about being squeezed out of the race in April by Jackson and Gore, Jackson taking away blacks and left liberals, Gore swiping mainstream liberals and moderates. Something similar happened on Super Tuesday, when Dukakis and Gore both zinged Gephardt in TV ads, divided the white vote between them, and squeezed Gephardt out. With a stronger message, a better schedule, and a budding friendship with Jackson, Dukakis should survive. His post-Michigan time of troubles might turn out to be precisely what his cocky campaign needed.

FRED BARNES

Will Gorbachev survive defeat?

KABUL CRUNCH

WITH MILITARY VICTORY in Afghanistan plainly out of reach, Mikhail Gorbachev is conducting the kind of high-pressure diplomacy that has become his signature: abrupt acceptance of the other side's most extreme demands, a fast pace to overcome last-minute hesitation, inflated claims that his is the only path to peace. It is an

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impressive performance, and so far it has almost obscured the principal meaning of the event: the Soviet Union is closer than ever before to the defeat that many experts said it could not endure.

There was good reason for this skepticism. As the first real breach of the Brezhnev Doctrine, defeat in Afghanistan is expected to unnerve allies, sow ideological doubt at home, expose a new leader to criticism from his rivals, and show the Soviet people (among them angry Armenians, Azeris, Tatars, and others) a loss of nerve at the top. Displaying weakness must seem especially unwelcome right now, for it coincides with growing domestic controversy over Gorbachev's reforms and pervasive anxiety about Soviet ability to compete with the West.

HOW, THEN, can the Politburo avoid becoming a "pitiful, helpless giant"? Not by banking on a decent interval between withdrawal and collapse: the sack of Kabul will be hard to schedule very precisely, and the terms that Moscow and Washington are still haggling over will not greatly affect it. Gorbachev's real job is to prevent the Soviet pullout from setting off much broader losses. It is a tall, even paradoxical, order—dodging decline by accepting defeat—but he has put together a plausible strategy for minimizing the repercussions of withdrawal both at home and abroad. And if he succeeds, he will leave the West with the same mixed feelings that the INF treaty has evoked: satisfaction at the Soviet Union's unprecedented step backward, disappointment at the lack of enduring restraints on its ability to challenge U.S. interests. Having invigorated Soviet diplomacy in Europe even while dismantling his SS-20s, Gorbachev seems to think that another retreat need not deal the Soviet Union out of an active global role. But it will be far harder to make his Afghan strategy work than it has been to turn the zero option to Soviet advantage.

Nothing is more important to his chances than preserving the right political environment at home. Ordinarily the domestic aftershocks of a pullout might seem a fatal objection even to considering such a move. Yet so far Gorbachev has kept his colleagues in line. There has been no convincing public trace of factional disagreement over Afghanistan, as there has been on many other matters. Gorbachev himself has made little effort to cover his flank on the war issue. His speech last fall on the 70th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution was a striking case of indifference. Coming in the thick of the Yeltsin affair, when his political position looked suddenly shaky, Gorbachev's speech blended reformist ideology and patriotism but ignored Afghanistan. No one in the leadership spoke out to correct or exploit his omission.

Such silence suggests that at least for now the issue is not truly divisive. Perhaps not everyone is enthusiastic about Gorbachev's plan (General Yazov, the defense minister, gave it a conspicuously late and grudging endorsement), but there is some evidence of a deal to pacify the military by shielding it from blame. The much expanded coverage of the war in the Soviet media, even in the military press, stresses that the Red Army's difficulties are no fault of its own. One important recent article declared both that it was time to go and that there had been no defeat. "The army," it said, "is in excellent fighting form."

The media's message is that the Afghan Communists are simply beyond help, and that they never had any serious hopes of "building socialism." Here, as elsewhere, the purpose of *glasnost* is to strengthen the leader's hand and increase his political freedom of action. In a speech last year Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze complained that there had been much bold media investigation of Soviet domestic problems, but not enough of foreign policy mistakes. Since then Gorbachev has let the Afghan war emerge as the kind of mess produced by the stagnant "old thinking" of his predecessors. There is even a claim circulating that when the decision to invade was made the members of the Politburo were drunk. With this kind of spin control the Brezhnev Doctrine starts to look like just another measure of Leonid Brezhnev's inability to cope with really hard problems. Retreat is supposed to show decisiveness, not weakness.

It was not only fear of domestic consequences that kept Gorbachev's predecessors from considering withdrawal. With Moscow's growing diplomatic isolation, the likely loss of international standing also seemed enormous. In early 1985, when Gorbachev took over, a pullout would have followed the worst Soviet foreign policy defeat in a generation: NATO's successful Euromissile deployments. Viewed against high East-West tensions (not to mention Soviet exclusion from the Middle East, the failure of efforts to court China, and other setbacks), a withdrawal would have symbolized the collapse of Soviet foreign policy on all fronts.

Gorbachev has sought to fashion a global Soviet posture that can cushion the impact of reverses. Policy toward the United States is perhaps the most important shock absorber, much as Nixon's détente policy toward the Soviet Union aimed to ease the pain of Vietnam. Once he has disposed of Afghanistan, he correctly expects a more sympathetic hearing in the West for proposals on arms control and trade. By sandwiching the start of an Afghan withdrawal between two meetings with Ronald Reagan, he has even introduced his own "linkage" policy. He clearly hopes to discourage any U.S. attempt to exploit Soviet vulnerability as the war winds down. Stiffer American terms for a settlement would only spoil the good summit atmosphere that both sides presumably want.

RECENT SOVIET MOVES also show keen attention to the postwar balance of power in South Asia. Gorbachev has leased nuclear submarines to India, pursued a summit visit to China, offered increased economic aid to Pakistan, promoted joint ventures and doubled trade with Iran, rolled out the red carpet for the Saudi foreign minister, etc. He wants to be sure that after the war a hostile Afghan regime would find no support among its neighbors for "anti-Soviet" policies. Anti-Sovietism inside Afghanistan will be harder to control, but here too material inducements—economic agreements, walking-around money,

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bribes—will have their place. Moscow TV recently reported that one Afghan businessman who had just received a five million ruble credit is now an energetic supporter of the "national reconciliation" policy of Dr. Najib, the Afghan Communist leader. And Afghanistan will remain an arena of intense KGB covert activity for years to come.

In other regions, the Soviets' ability to blunt the impact of defeat will depend on whether they can reassure their allies that Afghanistan is a unique case. They have to show they are dropping an unprofitable product line, not going out of business. The hardest currency of superpower reassurance is, of course, weaponry. This explains why, despite doubts about the political prospects and ideological credentials of many of their clients, the Soviets have steadily increased military shipments to the Third World. According to PlanEcon, Inc., arms exports were up 25 percent last year alone. The same desire to reassure will probably dispose Soviet diplomats to toughen their stands in other talks where their clients want support. Hence, for example, there have been criticisms in the Soviet media recently of American proposals to remove Cuban forces from Angola. As the foreign ministry spokesman puts it, all that Afghanistan and Angola have in common is that "both countries begin with the letter A."

Gorbachev has used his "new thinking" slogan to make his backpedaling diplomacy look innovative rather than beleaguered. Concepts like "interdependence" or "mutual security" are largely meaningless clichés in the West, but when used by a Soviet leader they do more than give him a reputation for dynamism and sincerity. They help him soften the appearance of failure, by redefining Soviet security goals in more attainable terms. In Gorbachev's withdrawal announcement in February, he said lamely that the new thinking of the Afghan Communists "is not a sign of weakness, but rather of the force of spirit, wisdom, and dignity of free, honest, and responsible political leaders concerned about their country's present and future." In short, even if the Soviets end up leaving in helicopters from the embassy roof, all it will signal is the latest improvement in long-term planning.

GORBACHEV MAY BE able to soften the blow of defeat if his foreign policy as a whole is seen as a success. Nevertheless, he is running three risks that will not be easy to control. His approach may come unstuck first at home, where *glasnost* makes a public outburst of recrimination hard to prevent. Soviet journalists themselves warn that tough questions (Who got us into Afghanistan in the first place? Did we let our boys down once they got there?) have to be answered: "Today [these questions] are being asked in families and in private conversations, . . . tomorrow they will burst forth in the press." If so, Gorbachev will face a choice between a demoralizing debate about what really happened (in which military and Party leaders will openly accuse each other) and tightening the reins of media censorship. The Red Army's retreat may mean the retreat of *glasnost* too.

Second, a rapid collapse in Kabul will make it harder for Soviet clients to believe the reassurances from Moscow—and easier to hold Gorbachev up for ransom. The Cuban, Venezuelan, and other Latin American Communist Parties successfully pushed Khrushchev for more aid after the 1962 missile crisis, and the pattern can be repeated today in countless places. Clients who are unhappy with Moscow's response may start to explore Western options. If so, Gorbachev will face another choice—between seeing Angola and Vietnam go their own way, and paying more to keep them in the family.

Finally, Gorbachev's strategy has tied Afghanistan more closely than at any time in the recent past (and more closely than he really had to) to other issues on the U.S.-Soviet agenda. If the Moscow summit produces a strategic arms treaty, it is the Soviets who will be most constrained by the linkage. Senate ratification will roughly span the proposed Soviet ten-month troop withdrawal period. If withdrawing from Afghanistan proves more chaotic and humiliating than the Soviets are banking on, Gorbachev will face a choice between using force and keeping ratification on track. How many more strategic arms agreements does Moscow want to sacrifice to Afghanistan?

IN EACH of these cases, the unraveling of Gorbachev's Afghan strategy would force him to consider measures that, in effect, revive Brezhnevism: a clampdown on public debate, more expensive Third World commitments, a sacrifice of détente for considerations of "prestige." Gorbachev has made such responses synonymous with decline, and they are exactly what he wants to get away from. In this, of course, the West has an obvious interest. We don't want Brezhnevism back either.

Yet the unraveling of Gorbachev's strategy is also the only way he is likely to consider policies that even more clearly serve Western interests. Brezhnevism, after all, is just one response to the choices he may face. The alternative will be to push his own reforms even further—to radicalize them. This is in fact how Gorbachev has reacted to the failure of halfway measures in dealing with the economy, by pushing for deeper changes. A similar response to defeat in Afghanistan would mean opening up Soviet external goals as an issue of public controversy; a decision not to meet the demands of Third World clients just to assure their loyalty; and an acknowledgment that good relations with the West are more important than the Soviet Union's reputation for toughness. Failure radicalizes better than success.

Gorbachev's Afghan strategy aims to evade these choices in their sharpest form, and he may well succeed. Our interest is a little different: that he should succeed enough to keep making changes, and fail enough to have to.

STEPHEN SESTANOVICH

Stephen Sestanovich is director of Soviet studies at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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A liberal case for Al.

WHAT'S LEFT OF GORE

IMAGINE a hypothetical Democratic candidate for president:

He's a Southern senator. His father was a Southern senator too, back in the heyday of segregation, "massive resistance," and the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition. His candidacy is seen by some of his supporters as the vehicle for white Southerners, Northern "Henry Jackson Democrats," and assorted "moderates" to restore the good old days before the McGovern crazies took over. When the rest of his generation was protesting an immoral war, he was saluting smartly and serving in it. He's got a wife who's conducting some sort of decency crusade to censor rock 'n' roll. He occupies the rightmost position of all his party's candidates on national security and foreign policy issues, trumpeting his support for new missile systems and displays of military strength. Why, this guy's such a crypto-neocon stooge he even has the editorial endorsement of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Of course, it is extremely unlikely that anyone could mistake this imaginary character, this straw man of destiny, for Albert Gore Jr. But enough people believe a little of it—or believe half of a little of it, or figure where there's smoke (some of it, to be sure, emitted by the Gore camp itself) there's fire—that the senator from Tennessee is getting rather less liberal support than he deserves. And as the campaign makes its way toward the superheated ideological caldrons of New York and California, the chances that Gore will somehow be demonized into this year's right-wing bogeyman are bound to grow.

The Democratic Party has emerged from the darkness of the violent storm that gathered in the mid-1960s, but a faint penumbra still lingers. The archetypes took shape in 1968. The Lyndon Johnson-Hubert Humphrey role of that year has been played, more or less reluctantly, by Henry Jackson, Edmund Muskie, and Humphrey himself in 1972, Jimmy Carter in 1980, and John Glenn and Walter Mondale in 1984. The Eugene McCarthy-Robert Kennedy role has been played, more or less eagerly, by George McGovern in 1972, Edward Kennedy in 1980, and Gary Hart in 1984. The archetypes of '68 cannot reasonably be applied to '88, but the unreasonable is routine in politics. Will Michael Dukakis be the shadow McCarthy-Kennedy of 1988, Al Gore the shadow Johnson-Humphrey? (Never mind that both are more like variations on the successful Jimmy Carter of 1976, with Dukakis as the efficient, process-oriented governor and Gore as the enlightened New South pragmatist.) Or will Gore and Dukakis be lumped together in the Humphrey role, leaving Jackson to play McCarthy and RFK? Either could happen. The Democratic civil war is over, but there are still those who remain unreconstructed on one side, or who wave the bloody shirt on the other.

So the straw Gore must be disposed of. Yes, Gore is a Southern senator, like Arkansas's Bumpers, North Carolina's Sanford, or Georgia's Fowler—and quite unlike Mississippi's Stennis, Texas's Bentsen, or Georgia's Nunn. Gore Sr. was a populist hero who risked his Senate seat when he defied segregationist pressure and lost it when he opposed, earlier than most, the war in Vietnam. The son went into the Army in 1969 and to Vietnam in 1970 only after giving conscientious and agonizing consideration to the principled alternatives, resistance and exile. His reasons for going in were honorable and morally modest: he knew that if he didn't go, someone else from Carthage, Tennessee, population 2,000—someone he probably knew—would have to; and he wanted to help his father, who was running against the vociferously pro-war Bill Brock, win re-election to the Senate. Gore does not stand in judgment of those who decided differently, and readily admits that if his draft board had been in some anonymous urban center or his father a private citizen, he might, like the vast majority of his Harvard classmates, have found a way to avoid service.

Tipper Gore's imprudently prudish assault on obscene, violent, and sadistic rock lyrics has, as I've argued before ("Tipper De Doo Dah," December 7), hurt her husband's campaign by cutting it off from youthful energy it otherwise could tap. But Tipper has talked herself hoarse denouncing censorship, and the fact remains that the Gores are the only prospective presidential couple, except the jazz-loving Jacksons, who listen to and like the music of their times. They played a Beatles song at their wedding. And—another point in their favor—they smoked pot, as did everyone of their age and class who had a spark of curiosity and daring. They were hardly the vanguard of the revolution, but they shared the essential experiences of their generation.

What about Gore's age? They try to tell us he's too young—a view I've heard from a surprising number of people who, like Gore himself, are both young and old enough to catch the allusion. Perhaps some '60s types are too attached to an image of themselves as forever young to abide the thought of a president their own age or younger. Gore turns 40 the day this magazine goes to press. (He seems to have been 39 longer than Jack Benny.) As TRB cracked ("Nice Young Man," June 1, 1987), he is "an old person's idea of a young person." There's a good side to that: Gore is a settled, mature man, the father of four, a veteran of 12 years on Capitol Hill. Like Dukakis, he is stable and sure of who he is.

Gore has balance. It's a theme of his character and of his politics. He actually is what the "Henry Jackson Democrats," that diminishing handful, only pretend to be: a centrist—and in the Democratic Party of 1988 that means he is solidly a liberal. His conservative and neoconservative admirers would end up disappointed in a Gore presidency. Though he retrospectively backed the invasion of Grenada (as do most Grenadans), it's unlikely going on inconceivable he would have ordered it himself. Though he voted for "humanitarian" aid to the *con-*

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tras (an approach seemingly vindicated by both the Arias plan and the just-signed Nicaraguan truce agreement), he never voted for military aid (unlike Bill Bradley, for example). Though he favors building the single-warhead, mobile Midgetman missile, that is not because he believes in an unending, Manichaean East-West death struggle. On the contrary, he is by far the best-informed, most persuasive advocate of arms control in the race. He favors the Midgetman precisely because it is less, not more, fearsome than the hydra-headed horrors that now bulk up our arsenal.

Gore has fashioned his own updated, high-tech version of his father's populism, focusing on such issues as generic prescription drugs, tougher cigarette warnings, safer infant formula, hazardous wastes, and safer working conditions for toilers ranging from nuclear plant employees to magazine writers (he held hearings on the dangers of staring for hours into glowing computer screens). The snickering about his work on the greenhouse effect and the deteriorating ozone layer died down when both dangers became front-page news in recent weeks. With Bruce Babbitt out, Gore is the environmentalists' favorite remaining candidate. He also favors an executive order banning discrimination against gays, and has co-sponsored a bill that would guarantee working parents 18 weeks of unpaid leave for the birth, adoption, or serious illness of a child. Once Gore starts going after liberal votes, as D. D. Guttenplan writes in the March 22 *Village Voice*, "a lot of liberals are going to like what they see."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was no great trick for Gore to position himself as the hawk in the Democratic dovecote. The territory was as empty as the Antarctic, and Gore opportunistically claimed it—even though the reality is that you need a pair of calipers to measure the differences between his foreign policy positions and those of Dukakis or Paul Simon. In courting the favor of jingoist voters ignorant of his real views, Gore risked the enmity of their similarly ignorant, similarly unthinking opposite numbers. So far his campaign has done little to contain the potential damage.

Worse, as the New York primary hovers into view, Gore is showing himself perfectly capable of playing that state's least edifying political street game, Panic The Jews. By expressing what the *New York Times*'s Bernard Weinraub called "qualified support for the Israeli prime minister's rejection of the Reagan administration's peace proposals for the Middle East," Gore vaulted himself to the right of President Reagan. Gore was not among the 30 senators, including such stalwart supporters of Israel as New York's Daniel Patrick Moynihan and New Jersey's Frank Lautenberg, who signed the recent letter to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir protesting his flat rejection of the land-for-peace formula. Maybe Gore's refusal to sign was merely prudent. But by ostentatiously attacking the letter, he is trying to score cheap points at the cost of creating unnecessary difficulties for such colleagues as Lautenberg, who faces a tough re-election fight. Gore's Shamir campaign on this issue may be politically wise, but then again it may not. Down-the-line support for the policies of Israel's government of the day is no longer the automatic ticket to cost-free Jewish support that it used to be.

Nevertheless, on balance—the way Gore likes to judge things—a Gore presidency would be a pleasing prospect for liberals. Gore is attractive as much or more for what he might become as for what he is. He fairly radiates possibility. William V. Shannon has written that "of the serious candidates in both parties, he is the only one who has the potential for greatness." He has not been a charismatic candidate; he would be, I think, a charismatic president. The alchemy of the White House would probably turn Gore into a kind of American Gorbachev. But he won't have a chance to get there unless he begins to show a good deal more imagination and a good deal less calculation.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

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Reagan's latest nuclear strategy.

COME AND GET US

ADMIRAL KIMMEL and General Short thought they would have it when they went to bed in Honolulu on December 6, 1941. The previous summer Stalin thought he would have it. The South Koreans thought they would have it—until 1950. The Israelis thought they would have it—until 1973.

It's called "strategic warning"—the idea that a nation need not worry about a surprise attack because any enemy will always give timely, clear warning of its preparations. It includes the assumption that one's own government will always recognize that warning for what it is and will respond appropriately. It is a comforting and seductive thought. But history has shown that when a nation designs its key military forces so that they will survive *only* when strategic warning is perceived and acted upon, it risks tempting an enemy to exploit the vulnerability at some point and attack.

This is the risk the Reagan administration is now coming to accept, with its combination of arms control and budget cuts. It is moving us pell-mell into an era in which only those with a childlike faith in strategic warning can be comfortable with the long-term survivability of U.S. strategic forces.

For some time the United States has rightly been attempting to make a portion of our strategic forces as survivable against sudden attack as ballistic missile submarines at sea. Under the current START treaty, the numbers of these submarines will decrease sharply as we approach the 21st century; by 2000 we will have half or fewer of the 41 boats we had in the '70s.

A year ago the administration proposed a program to deal with ICBM survivability: a two-missile ICBM force. Part was to consist of the MX missile, deployed on railroad trains stationed in garrisons—essentially military roundhouses—on Air Force bases. The trains would not operate on the nation's railroads in peacetime; that would require too much of what the Defense Department calls "public interface." Although these MX trains would be highly vulnerable in peacetime, the plan was to move them onto the railroad system after a strategic warning of a Soviet attack. Such movement would require several hours. To compensate for the trains' vulnerability, a force of small, single-warhead ICBMs (Midgetman) would be deployed on highly mobile nuclear-hardened vehicles. This force would be survivable under all conditions of attack.

So far so good. Highly capable ICBM forces would deter nuclear blackmail in a crisis and would provide stability by removing any Soviet temptation to attack a vulnerable force—even if someday Soviet anti-submarine warfare could threaten our submarines. Two recent developments, however, have severely undermined this sound program.

The first is the administration's fixation on deep reductions in ballistic missile warheads as the only measure of merit in strategic arms control. The portion of the START draft treaty currently agreed upon provides for sharp reductions in the ballistic missile forces of both sides, land- and submarine-based, and its liberal counting rule for bombers encourages a shift of forces toward bomber forces. The effect on our strategic forces would be sharp reductions in the number of U.S. ICBMs and submarines. These cuts would heighten the problem of survivability for the remaining, diminished, U.S. ballistic missile force. With the warheads the Soviets will be permitted by a START agreement, they could launch an effective attack on both our bomber bases and the remaining U.S. silos. For the U.S. ICBM force, then, the program of pursuing both the mobile Midgetman and the MX becomes even more important.

Yet defense cuts have played havoc with these programs. Part of the administration's answer to the budget crunch has been to announce "termination" of the mobile Midgetman—while providing enough funds for minimal support in order that the system *might* be resuscitated by a subsequent administration. Call it termination without extreme prejudice, bolstered by a dangerous rationalization about strategic warning. By announcing that it is planning to develop only the MX rail garrison program, the administration is resorting to the argument that strategic warning will always be enough to preserve the survivability of the train-based MXs. Even if that were true, it is folly to bet the entire ICBM force and the nation's security both on the certainty of receiving strategic warning hours before any Soviet attack and on the faith that the United States would always act on that information.

On the other hand, every group of experts that has looked at Midgetman (even those picked by the Defense Department itself) has said essentially the same thing: deployed in hardened mobile launchers on the large Southwestern military bases, it is as survivable against surprise attack as military systems get. It is even highly survivable on such bases without the far more certain *tactical* warning, i.e., the few minutes' warning of a Soviet attack provided by radars and other sensors after Soviet ICBMs or sub-launched missiles are actually in flight.

Indeed, survivability in the absence of strategic warning is the prime military feature that distinguishes mobile Midgetman from MX on trains. The latter would need hours of advance strategic warning in order to survive, hours that have proved elusive throughout history. Strategic warning may be especially difficult to obtain in the future because a handful of modern quiet Soviet submarines, capable of firing newer versions of ballistic or cruise missiles, could carry enough weapons to threaten all U.S. strategic forces, except our at-sea submarines.

As if all this were not enough, the administration has completely snarled up the relationship between its programs and its negotiating approach. At Geneva it has pro-

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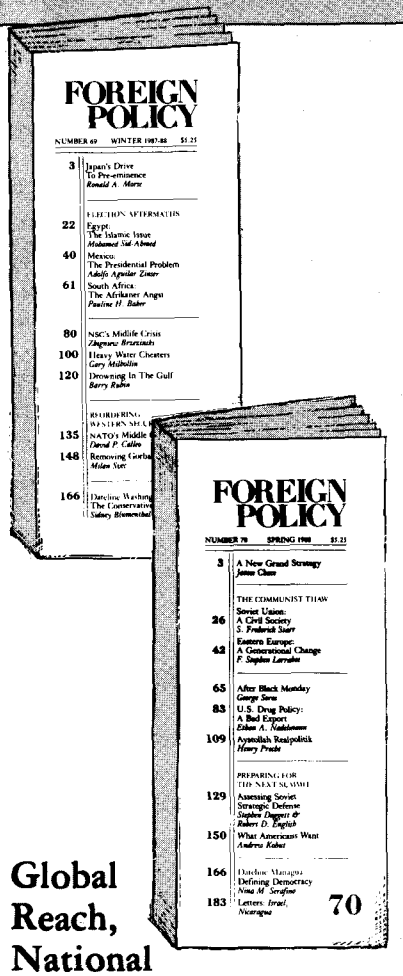
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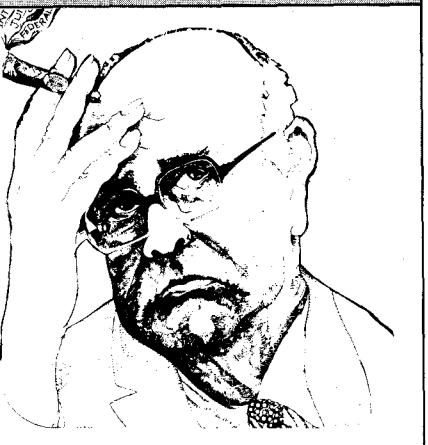

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posed to ban mobile ICBMs. If that happens, we may not be able to deploy a survivable ICBM at all. If the agreement does not ban ICBMs—and if we cancel our own mobile Midgetman for budgetary reasons but deploy MX in its garrisons—then the Soviets would have two survivable ICBMs and we would have nothing comparable. The new Soviet SS-25 ICBMs will be out on road-mobile launchers and their SS-24s will be on trains deployed on their rail system in peacetime. (They do not have American-style "public interface" problems.) The United States, under these circumstances, could well have only one vulnerable "mobile" ICBM, on trains parked in garrisons, and some equally vulnerable silos.

Most administration experts and even opponents of the mobile Midgetman will privately admit most of these points. They offer really only one argument against the program: cost. Indeed, in order to make their case stronger, some Midgetman opponents have not been able to resist fiddling with the cost figures. For example, the press recently reported that mobile Midgetman, based on actual bids, will be more than $4 billion cheaper than the Air Force's original estimates. And the original cost estimates made by the office of the secretary of defense had been much higher even than the Air Force's. (It is common in the Pentagon to overestimate the cost of what you want to kill.) The House Armed Services Committee estimates, on the other hand, that over the next 15 years mobile Midgetman would total under five percent of our spending on strategic programs. The real question is whether it is worth five percent of our strategic budget over these years—probably on the order of $30-plus billion—to have at least a portion of our ICBM force clearly able to survive a Soviet surprise attack.

OF COURSE, there's always SDI, as the administration never fails to point out. Some advocates of early SDI deployment recently have been working, with the MX rail garrison supporters, against mobile Midgetman because they see it as a competitor to SDI deployments. This is roughly analogous to the Pit Bull Breeders' Association campaigning against locks on doors. And this breed may be toothless: the "Phase I" SDI deployment now being pushed—space-based kinetic energy interceptors and ground-based exo-atmospheric interceptors—is not designed to deal well with the threat presented by Soviet submarine-launched ballistic missiles, especially if they fly low. At some point we may need defensive systems to help protect our strategic forces, in order to give our aircraft a few extra minutes to escape their bases even against an attack by such ballistic missiles, or by fast or stealthy Soviet submarine-launched cruise missiles. (Defending garrisons for MX trains would be much more demanding, since the trains take hours to escape, not minutes.) But defenses against these sorts of systems are not a top priority of U.S. defensive efforts.

Do we want our ICBM vulnerability to continue to be the obsessive issue that it has been in our politics and arms control negotiations for the last 19 years, or do we want to fix the problem? Do arms control supporters such as Democratic candidates Mike Dukakis and Jesse Jackson (who support the administration position on terminating mobile Midgetman) really want to see a future reprise of the SALT II debate of 1979, with a "window of vulnerability" being a real and immediate problem instead of a distant and theoretical one?

THERE MAY BE ways to achieve ICBM survivability other than mobile Midgetman. One technically respectable suggestion is to use a modern version of the old concept of a shell game for MIRVed ICBMs: multiple shelters for each Minuteman or MX. This is probably feasible within a properly drafted START treaty. It is also cheaper, with modern techniques such as hardened missile canisters, and would require less land than it would have a decade ago when the cumbersome MX "racetrack" system was contemplated for deployment in Utah and Nevada. It would, however, be necessary to face the political problem of acquiring new land on which to put the shell-game shelters. And it would require us first to decide on a survivable ICBM program and then to design our arms control stance to protect it. The Reagan administration has not demonstrated this sort of sequential reasoning.

Of the solutions that the administration is now seriously considering to protect U.S. ICBM survivability, neither MX trains in garrisons nor early SDI deployment of the type now planned nor both together will solve the problem. As for "deep cuts" in ballistic missile forces, in the absence of a truly survivable ICBM they make the problem of providing strategic stability worse, not better.

Indeed, our ICBM vulnerability could well lead military leaders, particularly in the face of the Soviet SLBM threat, to recommend a day-to-day posture of launching our ICBMs based only on warning—without being able to wait for any confirmation of an attack by verifying that there have been nuclear detonations. Such a posture would seriously risk nuclear war by accident and, as the secretary of defense's recent commission on deterrence put it, would be "a reckless gamble with fate" that should be "banished from our long-term strategy."

Without a survivable ICBM, such as mobile Midgetman, the administration and those who support it on this issue are on the verge of leaving behind them as their principal strategic legacy a new kind of triad: vulnerability, wishful thinking, and a hair trigger.

BRENT SCOWCROFT, JOHN DEUTCH, AND R. JAMES WOOLSEY

Brent Scowcroft was a national security adviser from 1975 to 1977; John Deutch was undersecretary of energy from 1977 to 1979; and R. James Woolsey was undersecretary of the Navy from 1977 to 1979. They swear they really did write it together (see article on page 19).

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So you wanna be an author. Who ya gonna call?

THE CULTURE OF PLAGIARISM

BY ARI POSNER

WASHINGTON IS a ghost town. Practically everybody here who's somebody hires somebody else who's a ghostwriter to craft the words that get spoken or published. It's a distinguished Washington tradition. Thomas Jefferson penned George Washington's Farewell Address. Walter Lippmann drafted Woodrow Wilson's "Fourteen Points." Theodore Sorensen wrote John F. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *Profiles in Courage*.

Hardly anyone expects the most egregious offenders, presidents and presidential candidates, to bother writing all their own words. Hubert Humphrey elicited little more than amusement when he finished a campaign speech in 1972 by crisply folding his address into his pocket, then adding, "And now for a few words of my own." Most people know that President Reagan doesn't write his own speeches—though the extent to which his day is scripted still surprises. A mislaid copy of his daily "talking points," reprinted in the *Washington Post* in February, revealed that Reagan apparently needs somebody to instruct him how to greet a small visitation of senators led by Majority Leader Robert Byrd: "Bob, I appreciate you and your colleagues coming down today." The last presidential candidate to insist publicly that he wrote every one of his speeches was Adlai Stevenson in 1952, and he was lying.

Last fall Senator Joseph Biden tested the limits of what's considered acceptable when he borrowed the words, and to some extent the lives, of Neil Kinnock and Robert Kennedy (whose lines in this case were written by speechwriter Adam Walinsky). Speechwriters throughout Washington helped their bosses craft responses to the revelation that Biden used others' words without credit. Meanwhile, though, the blight of ghosting continues to spread far beyond presidents and presidential wanna-be's.

From politicians to business leaders, judges to sports figures, our public discourse is carried forward on the backs of a battalion of anonymous scribes. Leaders in nearly every profession depend on helpers to put words in their mouths. Even journalists are getting into the act and hiring assistants to write their columns. If college or high school students relied on ghosts the way most public figures do, they'd be expelled on charges of plagiarism. The fact that they bought the words rather than stole them would not be considered a defense.

Obviously there is a spectrum of respectability here, depending on the identity of the putative author, the medium, the division of labor between ghost and "author," and the degree of credit given to the ghost. A lot turns on whether the audience or reader is at least tacitly aware of the conceit. At one extreme, nobody really expects anymore that the president of the United States writes his own speeches. At the other extreme, people do have the right to expect that a journalist's byline means that he or she actually composed the words that follow.

In between is the vast middle ground: speeches by lesser government officials and speechwriting staffs for business executives; books written by "co-authors"; the murky world of "research assistants"; and so on. Press secretaries routinely supply, and reporters uncritically accept, prepackaged "quotes" that their bosses have never uttered—or, frequently, even heard. The *San Diego Union* recently published, not uncritically, two identical letters defending Attorney General Edwin Meese—one signed by Assistant to the President T. Kenneth Cribb and the other by Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds. What's clear is that the line between acceptable and unacceptable is shifting fast, and the word "by" is coming to mean less and less. Not coincidentally, as writing becomes mass production, the words under the suspicious byline are also losing their value.

Sidney Hyman represents the genteel tradition in Washington ghostwriting. A shadow figure among the "wise men" who dominated postwar foreign policy-making, Hyman ghosted books and articles for Senator Jacob Javits and Marriner Eccles, a chairman of the Federal Reserve in the 1930s and 1940s, and wrote speeches for Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy. William Bundy, a longtime editor of *Foreign Affairs*, calls Hyman "one of the greatest ghosts of all time," and remembers seeing diplomat Chester Bowles on a trans-Atlantic journey "avidly reading a collection of his essays, which Hyman had written for him." To Hyman, ghosting entailed "the romance of us junior officers who felt touched to work with heroic figures" such as Dean Acheson and William Fulbright. "I never felt I prostituted myself," he says. He also never expected credit because his reward was in "helping valuable people I believed in."

The ghostwriting business has become more business-like since Hyman's day. That's due partly to the impact of television and partly to the advent of the op-ed page, pioneered only about two decades ago by the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The volume of material needed "to feed the media goat," as Norman Mailer put it, has grown so enormous that public figures increasingly depend on surrogates. As a forum for semiofficial pronouncements, rather than for writing per se, the *Times* op-ed page is not fussy about bylines. The *Times* "has never rejected something because it was written by a ghostwriter," according to Kyle Crichton, deputy editor of the page. A good rule of thumb for interpreting op-ed bylines is that

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two co-authors means some big shot is sharing credit with a ghost, while three co-authors means the article probably was written by some anonymous fourth person.

Politicians are the worst offenders. Staff members feed quotes to the media, compose newsletters to the constituents, write and research testimony, and insert passages in the Congressional Record not only not spoken by the member, but not written or reviewed either. Representative Morris Udall recalls being in the audience for a speech by the late (and reputedly dim) Senator Joseph Montoya. As Montoya ascended the podium, a staff member handed him his ghostwritten speech, as well as an unrelated press release. Montoya proceeded to recite the press release.

Even after Joe Biden was zapped from the presidential race, he didn't bother to write his February 3 op-ed piece in the *New York Times*, "Calming the Allies' Jitters." John Ritch, deputy staff director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on which Biden is the second-ranking Democrat, wrote the article. "The piece reflects nobody's but the senator's views," insists a Biden staffer. Biden "provided meticulous editing and approved the final wording." That method of production is "pretty much status quo up here on the Hill," she adds.

Ritch, at any rate, is used to it. In the mid-1970s, he and other aides were chatting with the late Senator Frank Church, former chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. The conversation turned to an article Church had recently published in *Foreign Affairs*. "Did you see my article about the American role abroad?" Church asked Ritch. Ritch had written it. Walter Shapiro, a senior writer at *Time* who worked briefly writing speeches for President Jimmy Carter ("I never talked to him in nine months"), ghosted about six op-ed pieces for Senator Patrick Leahy shortly after Leahy's election in 1974. "Leahy's staff had meetings to discuss how the new senator could make a name for himself," says Shapiro. The approach they chose was to get Leahy's name about by publishing articles.

Foreign politicians have adopted a "when in Rome" approach to preparing copy for the American market. The leader of Suriname's government addressed the United Nations last October, vowing to "introduce democracy." His speech was ghosted by Mark Sloman of the public relations firm Van Kloberg and Associates. The Winter 1988 issue of *Foreign Affairs* contains a lengthy article called "Israel at 40," attributed to Israel's prime minister, Yitzhak Shamir. In fact, two officials in Shamir's office wrote the article in English for him, according to a report in the Israeli paper *Yediot Aharonot*. *Foreign Affairs*, of course, is a showcase for the prose of the world's best government staffers.

Arturo Cruz Jr., son of the Nicaraguan opposition leader, says he ghosted several op-ed pieces in the name of former *contra* Edén Pastora. Cruz claims his father writes his own stuff. But a Government Accounting Office study last September reported that the State Department had hired ghosts to write op-ed pieces and other documents signed by *contra* leaders Cruz, Alfonso Robelo, and Adolfo Calero. At the Iran-*contra* hearings it was revealed that Oliver North wrote the "San Juan Declaration," the document alleged to be the *contras'* manifesto.

Hollywood heavyweights George Lucas and Steven Spielberg came to Capitol Hill last month to plead for legislation giving "moral rights" to creative artists—the right to have their works properly credited and not tampered with. Their testimony was drafted by Elliot Silverstein of the Directors Guild.

Crichton, the *Times* deputy op-ed editor, says, "If we insisted that every politician write his own piece, we'd either get terrible pieces or none at all." By contrast Meg Greenfield, editor of the editorial and op-ed pages of the *Washington Post*, wrote a famous memo several years ago declaring that her page would not consider articles submitted on behalf of clients by public relations firms. However, she concedes that varying "degrees of authenticity" are acceptable. She says she's able to distinguish between articles that are thrown together by a p.r. firm or are staff-generated and those that genuinely reflect the feelings and thoughts of a person. She also says that a political figure who wishes to dissent from the *Post*'s position on some issue ought to be able to do so, even "if it does not occur to me whether he did the paragraphing himself."

Some politicians do write. Senator William Cohen of Maine writes all his speeches and articles, and has even published poetry and fiction. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has written or edited 14 books, and writes his own constituent newsletters. Then again, not every public figure was born to write, as anyone who's tried to read Senator Paul Simon's many books will know. But even here, a ghostwriter is not the only alternative. The historian A. J. P. Taylor once offered a better one: "The book every man has inside him should usually stay there."

GHOSTWRITING IS not new to the business world, although its use has exploded there recently. Henry Ford II, who left Yale without receiving his degree because he hired someone to write his thesis (he got caught when he forgot to remove the bill), returned years later to give a speech. After stumbling over a line in the script, he looked up and said, "I didn't write this one, either."

The state-of-the-art ghostwritten businessman is the late Ford's nemesis, Lee Iacocca. Iacocca and his many would-be imitators among corporate chieftains are mouthing off everywhere: on TV in ads, in the media as wise elders of capitalism, and in speeches, articles, and general pronouncements about a variety of subjects, often far removed from their actual specialty. Business ghosts, usually called "corporate communications" departments, grind out everything from the annual stockholders address to thumb-sucking pronouncements on business ethics.

After appearing in car ads, Iacocca published his wildly successful autobiography, written "with" (i.e., by) William Novak. The success of *Iacocca* turned Novak into America's superghost, an actual wordsmith as important to book publishers as the ostensible "authors" themselves. He has subsequently ghosted memoirs for Tip O'Neill and Sydney Biddle Barrows (the "Mayflower Madam"). Iacocca, meanwhile, has started contributing a monthly column

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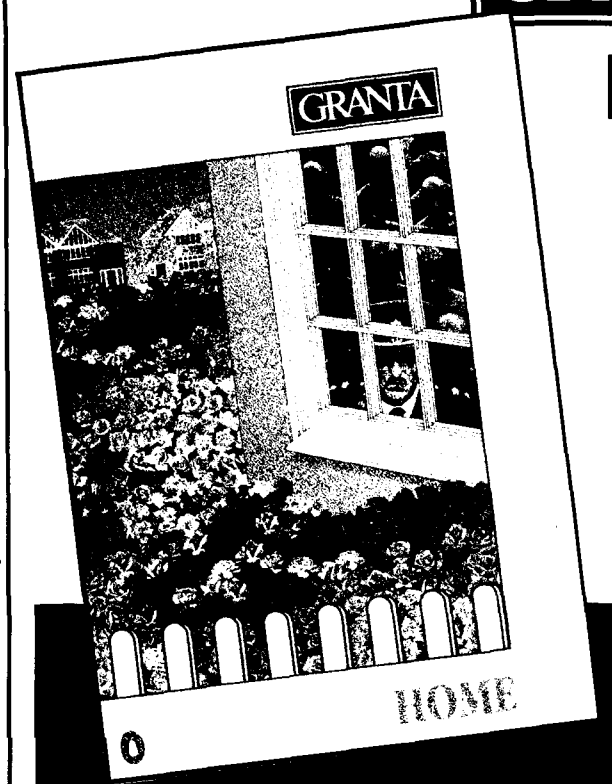

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to the *Los Angeles Times*. Michael K. Morrison, Chrysler's "director for executive communications," "drafts" the column before sending it to the boss for his final OK.

Another self-anointed corporate author is James D. Robinson, chairman of American Express, who seems to be running to be the next treasury secretary. In his ten years since taking the helm there, Robinson has attached his name to a score of policy proposals, speaking out on a variety of issues. In February he weighed in on Capitol Hill with a plan about international banking. The research and most of the writing were courtesy of a number of staff assistants, including John Sherman—a former congressional staffer who supplements a fledgling restaurant business by ghosting. "Jim is not paid to write speeches, it's a byproduct of what he does," explains Lawrence Armour, AmEx's "vice president for corporate communications."

Marshall Manley, president and CEO of the Home Group, Inc., an insurance company, ran a "My Turn" column about the presidential race in the January 18 *Newsweek*. It may have been Manley's turn, but he turned to former LBJ aide Ervin Duggan, a big Washington ghost, to turn his phrases. ("The general decline in the ability to write has been an economic boon for me," laughs Duggan, who charges $100 an hour.) And speaking of *Newsweek*, *Time*'s "Letter From the Publisher" is guest-ghosted each week by a young staff writer.

THE MOST ABSURD development in the culture of plagiarism is big-name journalists who call on helpers to write their columns while they blather away on television talk shows or coast on their reputations. This is particularly ironic considering the field day the press had with Joe Biden. Some journalists are beginning to resemble the great painter-entrepreneurs of the 16th century, relying on a studio of unknown draftspersons to create their masterworks. The slippery slope begins with having a research staff. Carl Rowan, 62, churns out three *Washington Post* columns, five radio shows, and one stint on the television show "Inside Washington" each week, and is writing a book. How does he do it? By maintaining a staff of seven for what he calls "legwork." Rowan walks the fine line between research and borrowing. Evans and Novak have a staff of four to help them turn out their four weekly columns. The Evans and Novak inside-dope tax newsletter, $200 a year for people who believe the authors keep their really hot stuff out of their column, is reported and drafted by a staff member.

Investigative reporter Jack Anderson rarely writes his own column anymore. For years his interest in his work has been waning, according to a recent staffer, Don Goldberg, to the point where "he didn't actively review the columns before they were printed, and only wrote about once a month." Since 1985 Anderson has granted a cobyline to Dale Van Atta, who has written about half the columns since 1981, and Joseph Spear, who has reported and written for Anderson intermittently since 1969. Most of the three weekly columns signed by Anderson and Spear are written by assistants, usually young reporters, who receive credit only for research.

No one thinks the great television anchorgods compose the words they intone. (In Britain they're more appropriately called "news readers.") But Dan Rather really does script some of his CBS News broadcasts. His two volumes of memoirs, however, were written by others: Gary Gates and Mickey Herskowitz. (Gates and Herskowitz got cobylines.) Last year Rather put his name on a *New York Times* op-ed piece critical of CBS management, and in 1986 he delivered a major speech to television folk in Los Angeles. Both were written by Richard E. Cohen, until recently the CBS senior producer for political coverage.

CBS can't get indignant: it pays a full-time staffer to write most of Rather's daily radio scripts, and it has sent out articles under his name that were written by others. One CBS source who has written for Rather says, "Like the president, Rather is a busy man. Who gives a shit who wrote the first draft?" There isn't much difference between Rather and the president, of course, but one difference is that Rather doesn't have to speak out at all if he's got nothing to say. Instead of hiring a ghost, why doesn't he pipe down?

At the bottom of the journalistic slippery slope is John McLaughlin, host of "The McLaughlin Group" and Washington editor of *National Review*. For his consistent reliance on a staff of ghostwriters to produce his two biweekly *National Review* columns (one entitled "From Washington Straight"), McLaughlin should be hailed as the Rubens of Washington. According to three recent employees, all of whom requested anonymity, the McLaughlin system works as follows. McLaughlin assigns a staffer to pick many of his topics, collect material, and write drafts of his column for him every week. Sometimes the column is carefully edited by McLaughlin, sometimes not. Always McLaughlin's is the only name used. "Sometimes he'd change my draft considerably, sometimes it would sail right through with just a few changes," says one McLaughlin ghost. "Once I got the knack, he would change very little."

Another former worker on the McLaughlin assembly line recalls: "On a topic I knew nothing about that McLaughlin wanted something written on right away, he told me to call someone who advised him and have him dictate the entire piece verbatim *'and don't mess around with it.'* " This person also brags: "I knew all his phrases, such as 'All of which means that' and 'anointed.' " Another ghost reflects: "What amazes me is that no one has noticed how the column subjects change depending on who Dr. McLaughlin had hired."

IT IS the officially accepted practice of scientific literature that scientists attach their names to papers they haven't written, researched, or even supervised to any great degree merely because the work takes place under the auspices of their laboratory or grant program. The convention is deeply entrenched, although researchers say the shared credit adds luster to the reputation of the senior researcher (who gets top billing), implicitly detracting from the junior author. Dr. Heidi S. Weissmann, a scientist at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, is suing her senior supervisor for infringing upon her research, particularly in

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"INVALUABLE"

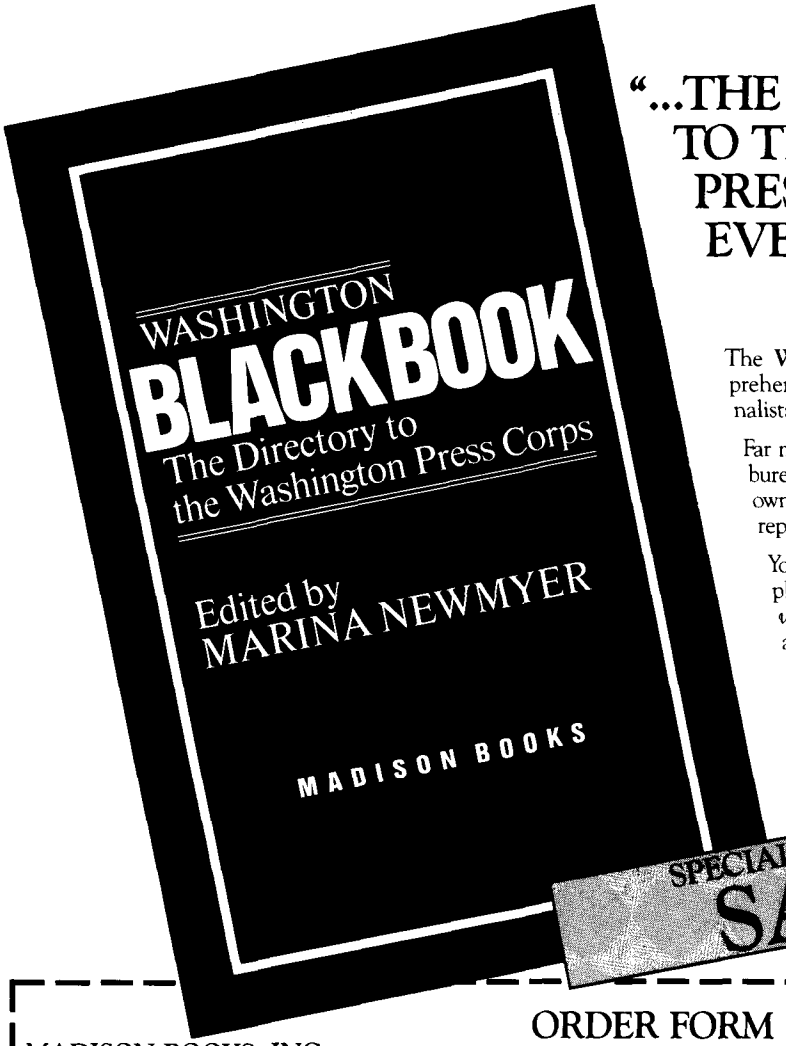
Howard Banks,
Washington Bureau Chief, Forbes

"DEFINITIVE"

John Limpert,
Editor, The Washingtonian

"INDISPENSABLE"

Jonathan Jessar,
Executive V.P., Burson-Marsteller, Inc.



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one case where the senior scientist deleted her name and presented a paper as his own in a class he taught.

One special assistant to a government science bureaucrat suffered the worst of both the academic and Washington worlds. The assistant ground out not speeches but actual scholarly essays, which the boss put his name on. "He maybe edited a dozen words," the assistant says. "I just assumed, because I came from an academic background, that I would at least be a co-author. He told me I hadn't been working there long enough."

THEN THERE ARE the courts. Because the judicial caseload has grown exponentially in the last 30 years, many opinions written by the most distinguished judges and justices are really written by judicial clerks. These recent law school graduates write—literally—the law of the land. The extent to which Supreme Court justices rely on their clerks varies, and is the subject of much gossip. *The Brethren*, Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong's book about the Court, describes an episode in which Justice Lewis Powell questions Justice Thurgood Marshall about a long memo on an important case, signed by Marshall. Powell concludes that Marshall had not even bothered to read the work.

Federal Appeals Court Judge Richard Posner (no relation to me), who says he writes his own opinions, believes that overreliance on clerks is insidious. The process of writing itself, he argues, "often brings to light mistakes, omissions, inconsistencies that in spoken language one doesn't notice" and might actually lead a judge to change his mind. And law clerks are "young and timid writers who write in a very bureaucratic style, who downplay policy considerations and tend to rely very heavily on footnotes, citations, and appeals to authority."

There's nothing new about ghostwritten books. John Dean's best-selling *Blind Ambition* was completely rewritten by journalist Taylor Branch, who—in a typical arrangement—received only a scant acknowledgment and a mere $20,000. Martin Luther King Jr.'s account of the Birmingham riots, *Why We Can't Wait*, was ghosted by Al Duckett, the black journalist and biographer of Jackie Robinson, according to King biographer David Garrow.

Abba Eban's *My People*, a popular history of the Jews published in 1968 and still favored by bar mitzvah gift-givers, was largely written by the executive editor of *Commentary*, Neal Kozodoy. Eban had signed to do the book in the early 1960s but the project languished. After the Six-Day War, when Eban, as Israel's ambassador to the United Nations, became a famous and respected figure, the publisher decided to call in Kozodoy. Eban was responsible for some of the beginning and rewrote the ending to make himself more prominent in Israel's history. Kozodoy was not credited for his work anywhere in the book. Eban did write the book's foreword, which said shamelessly: "[T]he title of this book is a frank confession that the story is written from within, by one who feels passionately committed to the strange destiny which he is trying to elucidate. . . . It is largely a personal reflection on those events and a particular response to their origins and echoes. That every word has been pondered and written in Jerusalem may also give this book a special dimension. . . ." Kozodoy, needless to say, wrote the book in New York.

However, as publishers increasingly come to think of books as business "packages" rather than mere collections of words, the concept of authorship has broken down and ghostwriting has blossomed. Last year's potboiler *Washington Wives*, a novel "by" Maureen Dean, John Dean's wife, started out as a movie treatment by a Hollywood producer. Only after the plot was hammered out in committee, a publisher was found, and Dean was signed up as the name "author" was any thought given to hiring a writer. (See "Making Book" by Margaret B. Carlson, TNR, March 17, 1986.)

One potentially happy byproduct of this trend, however, is greater candor about the collaborative process. Successful ghostwriters are able to demand more cash and more credit for their work. Veteran ghost/collaborator Herskowitz, who most recently wrote Michael Deaver's kiss-'n'-tell memoir, often commands 50 percent of the take. And this year's ghosted campaign autobiographies at least give partial credit where total credit is due: *Looking Forward*, "By George Bush *With* Victor Gold"; *Creating the Future*, "By Michael S. Dukakis *and* Rosabeth Moss Kanter"; *The Doles: Unlimited Partners*, "By Bob and Elizabeth Dole *With* Richard Norton Smith."

Most collaboration memoirs are produced the way William Novak compiled *Iacocca*. The "collaborator" sits down with a tape recorder and interviews the celebrity, conducts independent research, and writes the book in the first person as the voice of the celebrity-hero. Given the frustrations of writing, the solace of partial credit is reminiscent of those Marlin Perkins "Wild Kingdom" episodes where Perkins introduces the dangers of Africa by saying, "Watch as my assistant wrestles alligators in the Congo," while he sits sipping tea in the studio.

At a recent book-signing session in a Baltimore shopping mall, Kenneth Lynn, author of *Hemingway*, was competing for attention with former Baltimore Colts lineman Artie Donovan, "author" of *Fatso: When Football Men Were Really Men*. Lynn, who was losing the competition, was disheartened to hear Donovan complain to the crowd about the ordeal of producing a book. Lynn says Donovan griped that the ghostwriter "made him sit for hours for interviews."

Misrepresentation is so central to our society—in everything from advertising to politics—that it seems a bit feeble to cavil about phony bylines. Everybody knows that Bill Cosby doesn't really eat Jell-O and Cybill Shepherd hates beef. Why be picky about truth-in-packaging for words? On the other hand, the addiction to ghostwriting symbolizes a broad decline in the value of words and of the thoughts that underlie them. Judge Posner says that trying to understand a judge's thoughts from a clerk-written opinion is "like looking through translucent rather than transparent glass." Politicians, business executives, and other celebrities and big shots may well worry about the effect of exposing their minds to the public through transparent glass. But the public ought to demand no less. It's time to give up the ghost. □

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Race and American politics.

BLACK DONKEY, WHITE ELEPHANT

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

THIS PRIMARY SEASON reporters are now asking, "Can Jesse Jackson be elected president in 1988?" But a more painful and difficult question must also be asked: Will the party's association with Jackson and the black electorate make it impossible for *any* Democrat to be elected president in 1988?

Over the last four decades the American political system has become increasingly polarized along racial lines. The Republicans, once the party of Lincoln and emancipated blacks, have become virtually an all-white party. Democrats have lost substantial support among white Southerners and white ethnics in the North and have become stigmatized as the "black party." This has made Republican victories in national elections likely. Except when Democrats have run a Southerner at the top of the ticket, Republicans have been able to count on winning the South as well as the West and holding their own in Northern states with ethnic populations. The Democrats have been able to count only on winning inner cities and the District of Columbia. How did this trend originate? Are there signs that it is abating? Can it be arrested in 1988? These are the questions that must be considered this election year.

Some political scientists have argued that black-white conflict is not itself the principal cause of the change in the parties' composition, but it certainly set the racial realignment in motion and continues to sustain it. Support for civil rights split the Democratic Party and created an opportunity that Republicans capitalized on. In 1948 the Dixiecrats, angered by a civil rights plank, bolted the Democratic convention and ran Strom Thurmond against Harry Truman. In 1964 segregationist George Wallace ran against Lyndon Johnson in the Democratic primaries and did surprisingly well not only in the South but in Northern cities such as Milwaukee and Gary. In 1968 Wallace ran as a third-party candidate and won five Southern states. If Wallace, running in the Democratic primaries, had not been shot in 1972, he would have entered the convention with as many delegates as George McGovern. He later reconciled himself to black Democrats, but many of his supporters did not. They began voting Republican in national elections.

In 1964 the Republicans established a beachhead among Southern segregationists by nominating Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater, who opposed the 1964 Civil Rights Act. He won five Deep South states. In 1972, after the Democrats rejected the idea of appealing to Wallace's constituency, Richard Nixon inherited his vote in the South and North. In 1980 and 1984 the same voters, whether in Southside Virginia or ethnic Milwaukee, made up an important part of Reagan's majority.

Over the last four decades, the focus of racial conflict has changed from fundamental civil rights to police brutality, discriminatory hiring, and welfare rights; then to busing and affirmative action; and, finally, to black attempts to achieve political power nationally in the Democratic Party and in Southern and Northern cities. The clash over political power is symbolized in former Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo's 1978 injunction to "vote white" and Jackson's statement, on the night of former Chicago Mayor Harold Washington's 1983 primary victory, "It's our turn."

The older issues—welfare, crime, schools—have not disappeared, nor has the legacy of racism. But they have been subsumed under the struggle for political power—a struggle that in some ways resembles the ethnic rivalry provoked in the 19th century when the Irish entered urban politics. Many blacks, like the Irish, see political power as a means of social and economic advancement. Many working-class whites, on the other hand, see black political power as an attempt not only to exclude them from city hall or the statehouse, but to reduce their social services and make it harder for their children to go to good schools and get jobs.

White fears that black politicians are "anti-white" have extended to liberal Democrats and to the party itself. This was most evident in the 1984 election. In the South Jackson's candidacy and black voter registration provoked a white political backlash against not only the Democratic presidential nominee, but Democratic senatorial nominees as well. In Mississippi Jackson inspired the largest white turnout in history on behalf of Reagan and Republican Senate candidate Thad Cochran.

In 1984 many white voters identified Mondale, the Democratic Party, and the tenets of Democratic liberalism with Jackson and what they assumed to be the black political agenda. After the election pollster and political scientist Stanley Greenberg conducted focus groups with Michigan Democrats who voted for Reagan. Greenberg discovered that these white workers had interpreted Mondale's quintessentially liberal plea for "fairness" as a plea for favoritism toward blacks. When Greenberg asked them what they associated with "fairness," they thought of "racial minorities" and "some blacks . . . kicking up a storm." "Appeals to fairness," Greenberg concluded, "are now defined in racial terms and have been stripped of any progressive content."

Over the last decade local political struggles in cities

John B. Judis is a senior editor of *In These Times* and author of *William F. Buckley Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives* (Simon and Schuster).

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such as Chicago, Philadelphia, Charlotte, and Birmingham have also contributed to racial realignment. In Chicago's 1983 mayoral race, while Harold Washington concentrated on getting out black votes, his Republican opponent ran on a slogan "Vote for Bernard Epton—before it's too late." In spite of being a little-known Jewish Republican with a past record of supporting civil rights causes, Epton swept Chicago's ethnic wards.

In the 1984 election Chicago's white ethnics identified Mondale with Washington and Jackson. Reagan had won three ethnic wards in 1980; he won 14 in 1984, gathering more than 60 percent of the white ethnic vote. Indeed, he scored greater gains in Chicago than in any other part of the state. Then, in 1987, Chicago Alderman Edward Vrdolyak, the leader of the ethnic Democrats on the city council, ran as a Republican for mayor against Washington and got 42 percent and almost all the ethnic vote. Vrdolyak is now attempting to build a Republican Party in Chicago on white ethnic lines. It is unclear whether he will succeed, but the looming polarization in local politics will continue to affect Chicagoans' voting in national elections.

Until 1971, when Frank Rizzo was elected mayor of Philadelphia, Italians, the city's largest ethnic group, had tended to vote 2-to-1 Democratic in national elections, but Republican in local elections. By 1983, when Rizzo ran in the Democratic primary for mayor against black city official Wilson Goode, 78 percent of Italians had become registered Democrats, according to a study of Italian voting by Temple University political scientist Sandra Featherman. But at the same time Italians began to vote increasingly Republican in national elections. In 1984, after Rizzo was defeated by Goode locally, 60 percent of Italians voted for Reagan in spite of Geraldine Ferraro's presence on the Democratic ticket.

In 1987 Rizzo became a Republican and challenged Goode in the mayor's election. According to Featherman, Rizzo got 80,000 to 90,000 Italians to change their registration back to Republican. In the election he won the white ethnic vote, barely losing to Goode. He also carried to victory a Republican district attorney and an additional Republican councilman in northeast Philadelphia.

IN THE Deep South, too, racial realignment is taking place. The main Alabama cities are governed either by black Democrats, as in Birmingham, or white Republicans, as in Mobile or Montgomery, depending upon the percent of blacks and whites in the voting population. Birmingham pollster and political scientist Natalie Davis says, "Race colors not only how we view politics, but also whom we decide to vote for and how often we vote. It is the most important variable in explaining elections, even more important than party." In the 1986 Democratic gubernatorial primary, an unknown Republican, Guy Hunt, defeated Democrat Bill Baxley, who, in the course of a bitter Democratic primary and court suit, became known as the "black candidate." In the general election, 200,000 more white voters turned out than had voted in the previous gubernatorial election, and Hunt got 83 percent of the white vote. "As soon as a candidate is painted as the candidate of the black voters, that determines the election no matter what the issues are," Davis says. In a study of Alabama voters done with political scientist Irvin Penfield, Davis concluded that if the political leanings of independent voters are taken into account, white Republicans now outnumber white Democrats.

In the '50s and early '60s, politicians like Wallace and Mississippi's Ross Barnett still called blacks "nigrahs" and trumpeted the superiority of the white race. Even today some Republican politicians brazenly court the backlash vote. Jesse Helms, in his 1984 Senate race against Governor James Hunt, tried to focus the election on his opposition to and Hunt's support for the Martin Luther King holiday bill. Outside metropolitan areas, Helms ran ads showing Jackson visiting Hunt.

But most Republicans use covert racial appeals to attract or hold the backlash vote, what political scientists call "racial cues." They denounce welfare cheaters (who are presumed to be black), decry busing even though in most states it is no longer an issue, and denounce "quotas" even though most Democrats have long ago abandoned this issue. For instance, Reagan has never made an openly racist statement, but he has consistently sent out "racial cues."

In his 1966 California gubernatorial campaign, a year after the Watts riot, he described the city streets as a "jungle" and played up his opposition to California's Fair Housing Law. In his 1968 presidential bid, he praised Wallace. In 1976 he repeatedly told his story about the "welfare queen." In 1980 he kicked off his fall campaign in the South by backing "states' rights" at the county fair in Philadelphia, Mississippi, where three civil rights activists had been murdered in 1964. In 1984 Reagan attacked busing in an October campaign speech in Charlotte, North Carolina, where children had been bused without incident for 12 years.

The Reagan Justice Department has also put Republicans solidly on the side of the backlash vote. The administration favored tax exemptions for segregated schools. It has advocated a voucher system that would allow Northern white ethnics to cease subsidizing predominantly black public school systems. It initially opposed the renewal of the Voting Rights Act and most recently vetoed the Grove City civil rights bill. "The Reagan administration made affirmative action anti-American and support for tax breaks to segregated schools OK. People in the South were ready to hear that," says Bob Hall, a research director at the Institute for Southern Studies.

In their campaigns, most Republicans in the South assume and attempt to exploit a racially divided electorate. Webb Franklin, running for Congress in the Mississippi delta in 1982, circulated a leaflet and ran a TV ad that included a prominent picture of his opponent, Robert Clark—ostensibly in order to make sure the voters knew that Clark was black. When Jack Kemp called for recruiting blacks into the Republican Party, he was criticized by his Southern Republican backers. Republicans assume that the loss of black voters will be balanced by the gain of Wallace voters. "That is the trade that many Republicans have been willing to make," moderate

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Republican consultant John Deardourff says.

In the first two decades of this racial realignment, from 1948 to 1968, the Democrats benefited more than they suffered politically. The influx of black voters strengthened Democratic majorities in the North without creating a Republican base in the South. From 1968 through 1984 the Republicans benefited from the backlash. But there are signs of change. White and black Democrats are beginning to find ways to win back white votes without giving up the black vote. And voters themselves are changing.

This is evident in some Northern cities and states. In Boston Mayor Ray Flynn, a former anti-busing activist, has used his base among Boston's ethnics to reduce the city's racial tensions. In Michigan Governor James Blanchard's success in rebuilding the state economy has revived the Democratic Party and narrowed the breach between black Detroit and white suburban Democrats. In a predominantly white Kansas City district, black Democrat Alan Wheat, running as a moderate and son of an air force colonel, was elected in 1982 and has easily been re-elected twice. But the Democrats' greatest success has been in Virginia.

In 1980 Virginia had nine Republican representatives and one Democrat, one Republican senator and another Republican-leaning Independent (to be replaced by a Republican two years later), and a solidly Republican state administration. Eight years later Virginia has five Democratic and five Republican representatives, a Democratic state administration, and after November will have one Democratic and one Republican senator. The key to the Democrats' success was the race issue. Former Republican Governor Linwood Holton says, "When we got to the far right and it began to look like we are going to be unfair to the blacks, then we lost the middle."

In the 1981 gubernatorial election, Democrat Chuck Robb and Republican Attorney General Marshall Coleman were running neck and neck in the polls until Coleman, a moderate who had received a third of the black vote in a previous election, came out against a state holiday for Martin Luther King's birthday. Robb got 46 percent of the white vote and nearly all the black vote. As governor, he focused on economic development, but also appointed an unprecedented number of women and blacks to high office. In 1985 the entire state Democrat ticket was again elected, including L. Douglas Wilder, a black senator who was running for lieutenant governor. Wilder got 44 percent of the white vote. He even won majorities in Southside counties that had voted for Wallace in 1968 and 2-to-1 for Reagan in 1984.

ROBB'S and Wilder's successes were partly due to the fact that they were not identified by voters as liberals—and therefore as part of the anti-white, pro-black constellation. Robb ran on the promise to modernize Virginia's economy. Though Wilder never disguised his long-standing commitment to civil rights, he opposed collective bargaining for state employees and backed the death penalty and more stringent safeguards on parolees. "When I ran, there was this perception that if someone was a Democrat and black, he must be a liberal," Wilder says. "They kept looking and looking for things to prove that I was a liberal, but they couldn't find them." He also began his campaign with a 4,000-mile trek by station wagon through Southside Wallace country—a trip designed to counter the impression that he planned only to represent black voters.

The success of Robb and Wilder was also predicated on growing racial tolerance among Virginia's large suburban white middle class, which makes up almost half of the electorate. These voters were originally drawn to the GOP for economic reasons, and they have reacted negatively when Republicans use racial cues to attract white support. During Wilder's 1985 campaign he was attacked by a former Republican official for having opposed Virginia's slave-era state song. The widely publicized attack was seen as an attempt to stir up whites against Wilder. According to Ed DeBolt, who was doing polling for Wilder's opponent, Wilder gained four to six points in the suburban vote immediately after the attack.

Younger white middle-class voters—whether in Chicago's near north side or Virginia's Fairfax County—have shown that they value racial tolerance. This is a reflection partly of having gone to college during the civil rights era and of insulation from anxiety about neighborhood decline and from the liberal busing experiments that inflamed ethnic neighborhoods in the '70s. Among ethnic groups Jews have been willing to vote for black candidates like Washington and Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, although not Jackson, who many feel has a record of anti-Jewish remarks and a lack of sympathy for Israel.

In the 1986 Senate elections, Democrats defeated Republican incumbents or won open seats in North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana. In each of these elections, race was a factor, but on the side of the Democrats. Although Democratic candidates got only 40 percent of the white vote, they were able to win by getting virtually all the black vote. Like Robb, each of the candidates—even those like Georgia's Wyche Fowler who had liberal records—ran as moderates or conservatives, stressing economic development and criticizing the Reagan administration for its indifference to trade and to agriculture.

In some Northern cities racial tensions are clearly rising. But when Greenberg returned to interview disaffected Michigan Democrats in 1987, he discovered that the voters' racial resentments were no longer directed at the party. "At this point in the election, the defectors resent the 'privileged position' of blacks, but consider that a 'fact' detached from partisan politics," Greenberg wrote in a report for Michigan Democrats. "Not one participant mentioned the Democrats in the discourse about racial privilege; and not one participant mentioned minorities when asked what 'bad things' they associate with the Democratic Party." Voters were primarily worried about what kinds of jobs their children would get and angry about corporations that don't care about Michigan or their workers.

These countertrends clearly represent an opening to the Democrats in 1988. But it is not yet clear that as a national party the Democrats can take advantage of them.

In 1988 Jesse Jackson has run a much different campaign

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than he did four years earlier. Instead of mobilizing blacks, while rhetorically proclaiming a "rainbow coalition," he has actively campaigned among whites. Instead of emphasizing affirmative action and black voting rights, he has focused on economic justice and the danger of drugs. Where he had a chance to campaign extensively, Jackson has done surprisingly well among white voters, coming in second in the virtually all-white Maine, Vermont, and Minnesota caucuses, and getting between 15 percent and 20 percent of the white vote in Massachusetts and Michigan.

Most of Jackson's white votes came from middle-class liberals and from college towns. In Virginia, for instance, the CBS-*New York Times* poll found that he got 15 percent among whites making more than $25,000 and five percent among whites making less. He won Ann Arbor, where the University of Michigan is located, by 2-to-1. But he also defused fears and won supporters among blue-collar Democrats. Introducing him at a demonstration outside a Kenosha, Wisconsin, plant that Chrysler is closing, the city's auto worker-mayor transformed a derogatory racial characterization into a token of affection. "This country needs a spear-chucker, and I think we've got him right here." Even among Southern whites, Jackson is stirring less fear. In Mississippi, former Governor William Winter says, "Jackson is doing a better job of bridging the races. There are still white people who bristle at Jackson, but I don't think there'll be the backlash there was in 1984."

But Jackson has still had to rely on block voting from blacks to win in primary states, where turnout expands beyond core Democrats. On Super Tuesday he won five Southern states (he had won only Louisiana in 1984), but what made victory possible was the black vote. In 1984, for instance, he got 55 percent of the black vote in Georgia and 57 percent in Alabama; in 1988 he got 91 percent or more of the black vote across the South. Jackson's victories unwittingly reinforced his image as the black candidate.

Jackson also continues to draw a negative reception from many white voters, partly because they see him as a political radical, but partly also because they distrust him as a black politician. Polls have usually understated racial reactions—for instance, a Gallup Poll during the 1984 general election failed to find any animosity to Jackson among Southern whites—but polls this year have nevertheless found large numbers of Democrats hostile to Jackson. In the South the CBS-*New York Times* poll found 45 percent of white *Democrats* had an unfavorable view of Jackson. In the Illinois primary, and in Chicago, where Democrats remember Jackson as a civil rights activist, these figures were even higher. Among Democrats who voted for Senator Paul Simon, 63 percent viewed Jackson unfavorably. Chicago Democratic Alderman Ed Burke, explaining a rise in Republican voters in two Chicago wards, said white voters were worried about "Jackson's influence" and believe that "the Democratic Party doesn't care about middle-class whites." Jackson would lose these votes—as well as those of many Independents and Republicans—in a general election; and even if he is not the nominee, his enhanced stature within the party may again lead these Democratic voters to abandon the nominee in the fall.

But Jackson's effect on the party in 1984 depended partly on Mondale. There is no simple cause and effect between racial attitude and political choice. A voter's racial perception is one influence on his decision about whom to vote for. In 1976 over 40 percent of Southern whites voted for Jimmy Carter in spite of his outspoken support for civil rights and his association with prominent civil rights leaders such as Andrew Young. The fact that Carter was a white Southerner and that Gerald Ford was a moderate Midwestern Republican outweighed his civil rights associations. Mondale, on the other hand, was a conventional Northern liberal facing an incumbent president with a long history of opposing civil rights legislation. Even without Jackson's presence, Republicans would have succeeded in stigmatizing Mondale as the "black candidate."

Whether the Democrats can overcome this racial stereotype in 1988 depends partly on the Republican candidate. Vice President George Bush backed Goldwater in 1964, but as a Houston congressman he defied his constituents in 1968 by voting for an open housing bill. In the 1984 campaign he gave a speech in Mobile extolling the pre-civil rights state Democratic Party. This year he appears torn between principle and political opportunity. Bush belatedly supported Reagan's veto of the Grove City bill, even while trying to signal that he would have signed it himself. He will be under pressure to use racial cues in the fall election.

BUT THE Democrats' success will depend most on their ability to win back disaffected Democrats. This does not necessarily mean backing an invasion of Nicaragua and a 600-ship Navy. Carter, a dove, was able to win white Southern votes. Nor does it necessarily mean adopting Republican economic positions. As Greenberg's follow-up interviews in 1987 showed, liberalism is identified with government paternalism, but not, say, with tough trade laws, opposition to tax breaks for the wealthy, or with programs to retrain workers whose plants have shut down.

Last January Greenberg did a focus group among swing voters in east Texas. These voters, in spite of the dislike for blacks that they expressed, liked Jackson's attacks on multi-national corporations. In the early primaries and caucuses, Representative Richard Gephardt won the votes of former Reagan Democrats with a message of economic populism and nationalism. Gephardt's program, says political analyst Kevin Phillips, "was the first time the Democrats had something that mattered to the Wallace voter."

But the politics and candidates that may appeal to disaffected Democrats do not necessarily win the hearts of Democratic activists, intellectuals, and primary voters. The Democrats may not be ready to nominate a Southerner or a politician who appeals to Northern ethnics, and they also may not be ready to run a campaign based either on Chuck Robb-style moderation or on populism and economic nationalism. If this is so, Democrats may once again find themselves looking across a racial divide, with the great majority of whites on the other side. □

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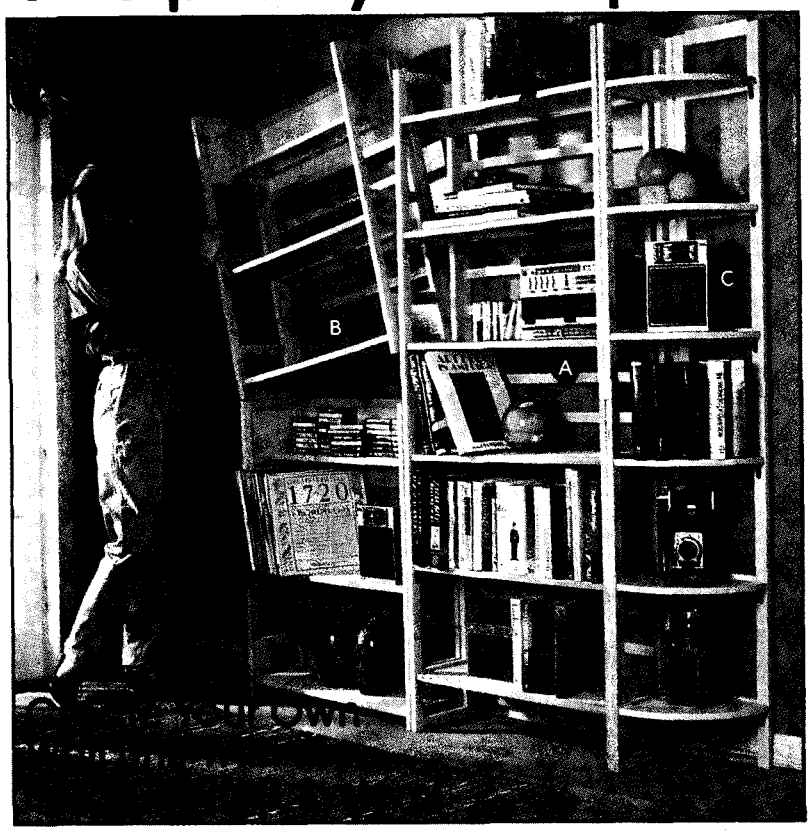

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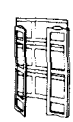
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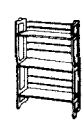
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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Bright Sides

The Milagro Beanfield War
(Universal)

The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal
(RAI)

As if the world weren't depressing enough just now, Robert Redford produces a heartwarming film. In every quarter of the globe, confusion close to insanity blazes; colors of good and evil, justice and tyranny, seem to fluctuate from hour to hour. But Redford puts us at ease: good and evil are steadfast, he tells us, and easily discerned. All people close to the soil—particularly if not of Anglo-Saxon descent—are good; all city people are bad, or certainly suspect. All good men and women are attractive when young and charming when old; all bad people are fat or cold or both and drive big cars. If you doubt this, implies *The Milagro Beanfield War*, you are probably a bad person.

The shape of 19th-century melodrama persists, even though the plot specifics are updated. In this case, the villain's mortgage on the widow's cottage has been changed to the big corporation's attempted spoilage of natural beauty and agricultural resource, but in principle Dion Boucicault would have loved it. My point, obviously, is not the truth of Redford's issue. We all know about ecological rapine (just as surely there must have been 19th-century evictions of poor widows). Redford himself did the narration some years ago for a documentary about New Mexico Indians who were being pushed off their land, and in directing *Beanfield War*, he uses a device from that film: two bulldozers with a chain taut between them, rolling along and uprooting trees. What's bothersome is not the ecology but the assurance. Last century the audience was assured that, under the eye of heaven, justice is always ultimately done. In Redford's film, the narcotic is somewhat different: it says that if you take it easy, do some work but not enough to become a rat-racer, drink plenty, and if possible, have strong ethnic roots, then John Steinbeck, looking down from that great Cannery Row in the sky, will stretch out his protective hand over you.

The Milagro Beanfield War was adapted by David Ward (who wrote *The Sting*) and John Nichols from the latter's sprawling best seller of the same name. Milagro, as we are told, means "miracle" in Spanish. Not, alas, in film. The picture begins with a ghostlike Hispanic figure, dancing through the night until dawn, through fields and streets of a New Mexico town, playing an accordion as he goes. He is indeed a ghost, audible and visible only to a still mortal old crony of his. Their bickerings and chucklings move around the central story. This deals with a young Hispanic farmer, sturdily independent, who accidentally kicks open a sluice that lets town water into his parched beanfield. The town is startled because the water is communal; and a tycoon who means to bulldoze away the small farm calls the governor. Tycoon and governor and governor's staff are mostly Anglos. The farmer decides to resist and raise his crop. Clout is applied to him, and the plot winds on. Guess which side wins. More ghostly dancing and playing at the end.

The sun, says the Gospel of Matthew, rises on the evil and on the good, but for Redford, it rises only on the good. *Beanfield War* has more whole radiant suns—rising and setting and just standing still—than the previous champion, Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*. Under these suns Redford's direction strives persistently to give us the small town of Milagro basking contentedly, until it's invaded by outside rich people. In this homey place the antics of a pet pig loom large, as do neighborliness and rugged rectitude and immediate tacit understanding of who is evil. It's all enough to send you to the nearest hard-rock disco wearing spangles.

A few cornballs are in the cast, along with some good actors. Chick Venerra does all right as the embattled young farmer who is hot-tempered but, you know, OK, really. Ruben Blades, the well-known musician who has also done some film acting, is winning as the local easygoing sheriff. John Heard is staunch as a former political activist who is now the whole staff of the town newspaper. Sonia Braga, a star of Brazilian film, is the local body shop (not beauty shop) owner and is more likable than she has been in her native films and in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. Christopher Walken plays the governor's hit man who comes up to put pressure on the farmer. The role is dreadfully written and Walken does his best to play against its clichés; but the result is a private dialogue between himself and the character.

It's eight years since Redford directed his first film, *Ordinary People*, which had its moments. *Beanfield War* has fewer and wasn't worth the wait.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And God Created Woman. Old-fashioned hokey story despite modern frankness, yet Rebecca De Mornay, as a prole sexual adventurer, is fascinating. (Reviewed 4/4/88)

Housekeeping. Seemingly a fey comedy about an errant woman and her two teenage nieces, this resounds as a mythic drama of hemmed-in frontier spirit. Excellent. (1/18/88)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being. Milan Kundera's complex novel is stripped to its frame. Still, some exceptionally good acting takes place within that frame. (2/29/88)

White Mischief. Dramatization of an actual high society murder-and-scandal in Kenya, 1941. So stylishly acted that only when it's over do we ask why anyone bothered. (4/11/88)

SK

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Meanwhile Redford the actor—the often excellent actor—is underemployed.

I declare an interest in *The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal*: several years ago some of the cast and crew booked into a hotel outside Cortona, in Tuscany, where I was staying. But they arrived just a day or so before I left, so perhaps I can comment on the film with no more prejudice than an unshakable one toward Tuscany (visible in some of the scenes).

Mario Monicelli's version is the latest in a line of at least two previous films of Pirandello's *The Late Mattia Pascal*. In this updated version of the 1904 novel, about a man who devises a second identity and life for himself, Marcello Mastroianni plays Mattia. This is doubly fortunate. First, because Mastroianni is actually alert and vital throughout, which he was not in his last Pirandello outing, *Henry IV*. Second, because, when Mastroianni bothers to act, he is not only one of the best actors in screen history, he is irresistibly appealing, and his role, as constructed in this adaptation, needs all the appeal it can get. Mattia has small regard for anyone but himself.

He runs away from home and wife because he's in trouble and escape is more pleasant than the suicide he has been contemplating. Gambling brings him money and a move to Rome; there, under another name, he meets another young woman and more troubles. The pair flees to Venice, where Mattia gets in still more trouble and abandons his adoring companion, now pregnant. Under his own name, Mattia returns to his hometown and to a much more comfortable life, uxorially speaking, than the one he left. This chronicle of self-gratifying laziness needs a lot of magnetism, and Mastroianni supplies it, fully.

Monicelli's career has had a lot of downs but some excellent ups: *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, *The Great War*, and *The Organizer* (with Mastroianni at his best), a masterpiece too little known. He made *Mattia Pascal* for a group of European TV networks—with the star's brother, Ruggero Mastroianni, very distinguished in his own field, as the film editor. Like many other European made-for-TV films, *Mattia Pascal* shows no trace of its broadcast destination. No composition is constrained by the demands of the box, and the editing doesn't cling to close-ups. This is a fluent *film*, not a TV movie transferred to the big screen. □

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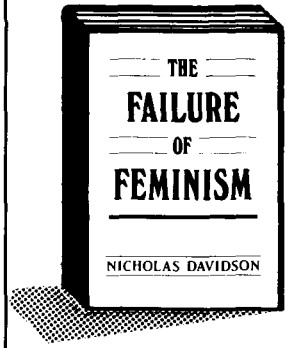
by Nicholas Davidson



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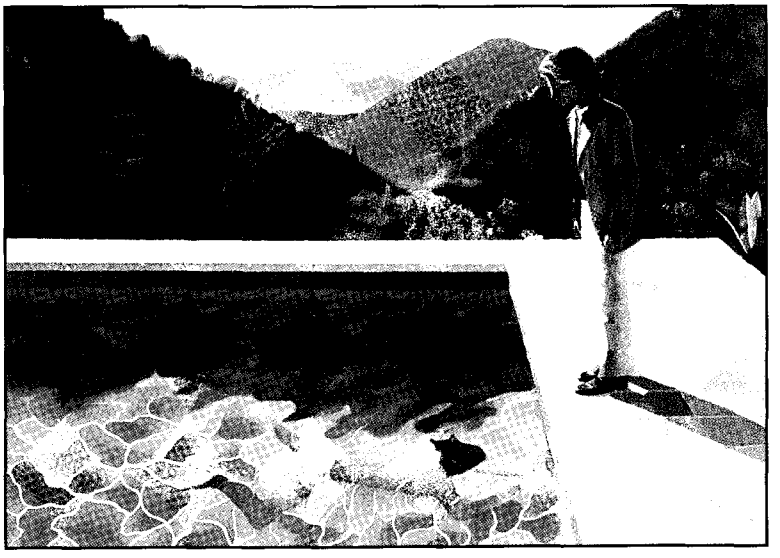
MARK STEVENS ON ART

Painterly Charm

An English homosexual who lives in the Hollywood Hills will obviously paint very differently from a French heterosexual of the ancien régime. Yet David Hockney and Jean-Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), each now the subject of a retrospective, share in a certain stylish esprit. The serene squirting of the sprinklers on the too-green lawn—L.A. à la Hockney—or the feathery efflorescence of the cypress trees above a game of love—Fragonard among the aristocrats—elicits the same sort of twinkling smile.

Their work also arouses similar reservations, which owe less to the disparagement of their formal gifts—Fragonard was a master; Hockney, while a minor artist, draws beautifully and has a genius for stage design—than to the pleasure provided. It strikes some as frivolous, Fragonard whipping up cotton candy for aristocrats, Hockney making bonbons for the middle class. To critics, the real problem is not the pastel sensibility, the occasionally erotic imagery, or even the aura of fashionable taste. It's the charm, or more precisely, the importance accorded charm.



DAVID HOCKNEY, *PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST (POOL WITH TWO FIGURES)*, 1971

High seriousness, whether in 18th-century Paris or contemporary New York, does not easily respect an art that respects charm. Diderot preferred the earnest Greuze to the playful Fragonard. (The pleasure-loving Goncourt brothers later helped restore Fragonard's reputation.) Many modern writers, schooled in a hair-shirt modernism as puritanical as anything from an earlier time, consider the popular Hockney hardly worth the bother of dismissal. Yet there is a kind of charm that is not superficial—a charm that flirts intelligently with life, and finds in stylish play the just weight.

Hockney and Fragonard have this kind of charm. It begins (but does not end) with a devotion to the surface effect. Drawing, the most intimate art, in dancing relation to the surface of the picture, is the most obvious expression of their devotion. Both artists have a seductive line: the paper and the canvas quicken to their touch. However cerebral the intention or calculated the composition, their drawing remains very much a matter of the inspired hand—of what we imagine to be musical, piano-playing fingers.

The Fragonard retrospective, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, rightly contains dozens of drawings, for even when that artist painted he painted as if to draw. A brilliant draftsman, Fragonard treats the canvas beneath his brush the way an 18th-century wit might treat a salon—as a kind of foil against which to engage in the aristocratic flourish or the aphoristic touch. Many of his pictures quiver with high-strung lines, and because he liked to work quickly, the paint is often as fresh as an off-the-cuff remark. Remarkable renderings are brought off with butterfly twists and turns.

I wish the Hockney retrospective, now at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, contained more drawings and prints. It is true that much of the artist's well-represented later work, in which he has created collages of photographs and made prints with Xerox machines, has the flickering spirit of the pencil. But the drawings of the 1960s and '70s are so deft—they often make the paintings look stiff by contrast—that it does his art an injustice not to show them in depth. Some Hockney drawings have a "just-so" way of placing a hat or a tulip, while others have a pleasing roughness, a sort of smart scrawl that occasionally reminds me of Cy Twombly, an otherwise very different connoisseur of scribbles.

If the charm begins with a devotion to the surface of art, it continues with an appreciation for the surface of life: skin, clothes, wit. Both artists often portray gatherings of friends and demonstrate a keen interest in manners. Hockney's paintings of his friends are as full of stylish details as Fragonard's fetes. We are almost as interested in Isherwood's books as in Isherwood himself. The photocollages—in which, after first taking many photographs of a person, place, or event, Hockney then assembles snippets into a kind of flickering cubist collage—nicely suggest the movement and sparkle of social life. His photocollage of a wedding, for example, is not unlike one of Fragonard's gatherings in a park. In both we see a complex and mannered occasion unfolding across time and space.

Each artist is known for the theatrical place he portrays, Fragonard for his leafy parks, Hockney for his city of swimming pools. Each stresses the surface charms of these artificial places. In Fragonard's most famous pictures, such as *The Fête at Saint-Cloud* (circa 1773-80), nature is a gently seductive theater given over to human pleasure. Typically, the trellis overflows with flowers, the fountain seems to murmur and the breeze to whisper, the dogs bound, the cattle low, and the green and mossy forest swells fabulously with the voluminous Fragonard trees. And (never as an afterthought) great cottony swaths of cloud open across the sky. An imaginary landscape, imagined for love.

Los Angeles cannot be transformed into a theater as charming as Fragonard's, but Hockney's approach is still surprisingly happy. He treats L.A. as if the pretense of paradise in the city of angels were better than no paradise at all. (Since smog has destroyed the purity of their sky, perhaps Angelinos look into the blue of their pools for their faraway

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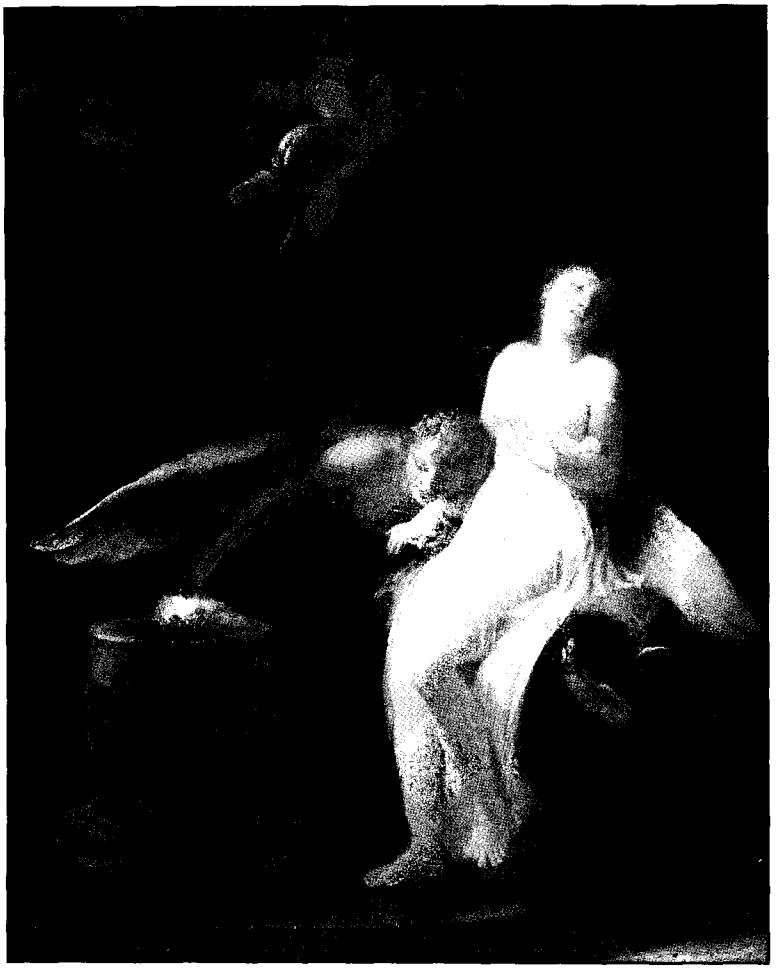
feelings.) Like Fragonard, who doubtless knew the seamier side of aristocratic life, Hockney has left out some of what he knows. By presenting L.A. with a certain wondering naïveté, however, he has perhaps taken the more original view, for there has been no end to people pointing out the tawdry reality of the town.

Not surprisingly, Hockney's L.A. paintings of the '60s and '70s celebrate L.A.'s surface. In his treatment there is something glassily deadpan, evocative of pleasing emptiness. He plays off flatness and depth in a way that seems somewhat stilted, as in the early Renaissance painting of Piero della Francesca, when perspective was a fairly new idea. L.A. is not known for either depth or perspective—its surface conceals more surface—so the antithesis seems particularly apt. Hockney is also gently witty. He savors the gawky silhouette of a palm tree against a pastel sky, and he likes playing visual tricks. One of his most clever paintings, *Rubber Ring Floating in a Swimming Pool* (1971), looks like a tasteful abstract work but its title reveals it to be a realist painting. L.A. itself frequently plays such tricks. The smog, the twinkling lights, the ripples of heat—physical analogues for art and show biz—tease the eye.

Each painter is also enchanted with the charms of love, especially sexy young love. An artist like Fragonard or Hockney (in his early work; the later portraits are more shadowed) does not search behind love's surface. Charming painters don't. Unabashedly homosexual, Hockney is remarkably free of the anger, bitterness, or indirection that often characterizes the work of a sexual minority. In fact, he moved to Los Angeles partly because, he has cheerfully told interviewers, he liked the L.A. pretty boy porn he saw in London. In the paintings of the '60s, he takes a frank pleasure in the showers and the sex. He's not afraid—at all—to portray the smile of a buttock blushing in the sun.

A modern eye may find Fragonard's erotic Eden anything but charming: bunches of little piggy-pink aristocrats bowing and unbuttoning. Certainly nothing could be more alien to the present moment than this mannered form of courtship. (The charmless secrets behind the mask are more congenial to current taste. Choderlos de Laclos's contemporaneous novel, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, a work as coldly beautiful as a serpent's eye, confirms our belief that the aristocratic surface conceals a heartless lie.) All the more reason, then, to savor the foreign charm. Of love and courtship Fragonard often makes a sweet and childlike game, reminiscent of some of Mozart's music, that does not seem rule-bound. The constraining rituals not only invoke an artificial world, for example, but also serve as a foil for the anticipated freedom: the joy of clothes coming undone. The very sketchiness of his art, the way he twists his brush, seems to unclasp, open, caress.



JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD, *THE SACRIFICE OF THE ROSE*, C. 1785-88

The quickness also keeps his work from seeming salacious: the charm of desire lies in the glance toward or the look away, not in the dead-on stare. His boudoir pictures display a darting, naughty innocence, making the sweet curves of a nude seem a surprise. Some of the paintings, however, also portray a stronger kind of feeling. In Fragonard's breezy reverie we can begin to sense the more powerful gusts of the romantic. There is usually a finely nuanced hint of wildness, as if passion might steal upon the revelers like an unexpected storm. And Fragonard refuses the conventional moralizing of 18th-century painting. In his astonishing *The Sacrifice of the Rose*, which symbolically portrays the surrender of virginity, Fragonard asks no price of pleasure. The girl's blissful melting is its own reward.

A dancing surface, a theatrical place, a talent for love: these are the routine ingredients of charm. Fragonard and Hockney are worth more than a passing smile because of the less predictable qualities that enhance their charm. To begin with, they inflect their art with melancholy. Without that bittersweet touch, which adds the gently truthful weight, the acknowledgment in counterpoint to the fleetingness of surface pleasures, charm cannot retain its interest. In Fragonard as in Watteau, for example, the moment of perfection is often made fragile. Not only does the hint of wildness in Fragonard threaten to overwhelm, not only are the color and line delicate, but the convention of setting small figures into a vast space becomes a way to bring the whisperings of eternity into the play of manners. A spontaneous twist of the brush might catch the delightful moment, but the boundless sky releases us into a longer perspective. In Fragonard, nature has a power, bounty, and grace far beyond that of men and women.

Often inseparable from Hockney's good fun is a melancholy hint of separa-

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tion from life's charms. He is one of L.A.'s dyed blonds, after all, and his thick glasses make him look like a boy staring at the party through a window pane. He is an immigrant to paradise, in short, a lover of the senses who went to L.A. as others once went to the Riviera—one of those Englishmen who seem most English when wanting to be French. Still, you can't shake the northern sky out of an English temperament, and Hockney, an honest artist, does not turn his back on his youth in Yorkshire.

A video introduction to the exhibit quotes an unidentified critic who has noticed that Hockney frequently paints two people in a work, one of whom seems at home and the other a visitor bearing a message, like the angel of the annunciation. These paintings seem strangely still: one is not confident the message will be received. This quality of standing outside is best suggested by what is perhaps his most sweetly melancholy painting, *Portrait of an Artist (Pool with Two Figures)*, in which a young man silhouetted against the far-off hills leans temptingly toward the beguiling swimming pool, as if entranced by the rippling form of a man swimming underwater. Here the transparent surface conceals a tantalizing dream. The water becomes a magic mirror or a pool for Narcissus.

IN BOTH ARTISTS, there is an apt modesty—apt, because charm is not one of art's greatest notes. Each treats the tradition he inherited more like an admiring student than a genius who insists on claiming new territory for himself. Fragonard's compositions could be remarkably original, but he was also willing to welcome into his art the style of other artists; this seems generous, not weak, as in many painters. Hockney, in turn, is pleased to put his gifts in the service of greater artists. His brilliant stage sets for Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* truly enhance the music, while his reverence for Picasso—which has unfortunately resulted in some of his worst painting—seems like truthful homage in a period when there are no artists of that stature.

What's most important, however, is that neither painter seems confined to charm. Both study the world and paint from life, which keeps their manner from hardening, and each skips about art's genres with irrepressible curiosity. Fragonard's talented teacher, François Boucher, is dull because he had so few passions beyond pleasing the rich. Is there anything more charmless than someone who merely tries to be charming? At best a great pastry chef, he was, at worst, a kind of mechanic of grace. The same holds true for most other "charming artists." For example, Winterhalter, the favorite painter of 19th-century aristocrats and now the subject of a large retrospective in Paris, could render a person's clothing with astonishing finesse—but, unfortunately, the souls also seem made of silk.

In Fragonard, the charm becomes an essay at grace. Not religious grace, to be sure, but a lightening of the spirit nonetheless. There are few painters so unburdened by the dogged weight of things. In Hockney, the charm becomes a way of traveling light, of keeping free of the tyranny of style or perspective. The photocollages set up a visual vibration, like the shimmering facets on a jewel, which emphasizes a variety of points of view; his recent fascination with the treatment of space and time in Chinese painting reflects an impatience with portraying only a single perspective or moment. In both, charm is a kind of serious play—an attempt to keep the world forever fresh.

Who really won the '60s?

YOU SAY IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY

BY LOUIS MENAND

ONE REASON for dreading class reunions, besides the likelihood that you will run into people you hoped you'd never run into again, is the certainty that you will run into your former self—that callow know-it-all whose displays of contempt for his elders are not things it's nice to be reminded of. The 20th anniversary of 1968—the year of the Tet offensive and the Chicago convention and the White Album, the year of everything most '60s about the '60s—seems the perfect occasion for staying at home. But of course you can't stay at home, because the culture has decided that this is to be the year we all revisit that decade.

The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage
by Todd Gitlin
(Bantam, 513 pp., $19.95)

In the New World: Growing Up with America, 1960-1984
by Lawrence Wright
(Knopf, 322 pp., $18.95)

It's true that if you're like most people who grew up in the '60s, you long ago granted yourself a general amnesty for any attitudes and antics you may have indulged in during those years. You think you live in a rather comfortable accommodation with your '60s self, in fact, and you don't mind having him around. He's not allowed to talk about offing the pig anymore, of course, and absolutely no Day-Glo or tie-dyed anything. But he's permitted to remind you every once in a while that you are what you eat, and he can play *Blonde on Blonde* any time he likes.

Still, you probably haven't had a serious discussion with your '60s self since about 1974. You have a soft spot for him, because you think he is responsible for an attractive anti-authoritarian streak that is an important part of the real you (even if there seem to be few opportunities to display it these days), and you feel a little protective whenever you hear his decade being bashed. But you can sort of see the point of the bashing, too, and there are times when you'd rather he just stayed up in his room with his Che poster and his R. D. Laing and listened to "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" (with headphones). Because the truth is you're not sure who has the greater right to be embarrassed by whom: your '80s self by your '60s self, or the other way round.

Todd Gitlin's *The Sixties* and Lawrence Wright's *In the New World*—two intelligent, engaging memoir-histories of the '60s—are here to help. They have been written out of very different experiences. Gitlin is a graduate of the Bronx High School of Science who entered Harvard in 1959 and four years later, at the age of 20, served a term as president of SDS. He demonstrated for civil rights, organized in Appalachia, was in Chicago for the Democratic convention and in

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Berkeley during the battle for People's Park. He is now a professor of sociology. Wright grew up in Dallas in the days (not so long ago) when the governor of Texas thought membership in the Communist Party should be made a capital offense. He entered Tulane in 1965 and, gradually reacting against the war and the arch-conservatism of his roots, bummed around Europe for a summer with an eye out for possible draft havens. He was eventually granted conscientious objector status and did two years of alternate service teaching at the American University in Cairo. He is now a journalist.

The historical theme of Wright's book is the emergence of the Sunbelt—the "new world" of his title, the world represented in progressive stages of maturation by Goldwater, by Nixon, and by Jimmy Carter. Gitlin's book is in effect the same story from the other side, the side that witnessed and assisted at the crisis and collapse of Eastern Establishment liberalism. *The Sixties* is the more large-scale undertaking, a narrative history of the fortunes of the New Left and the counterculture from Port Huron to the Days of Rage, Chuck Berry to Charles Manson. For anyone who lived through and has maintained an interest in those years, reading Gitlin's book is a little like watching *The Godfather* for the fifth time: the pleasure comes more from the fact that the familiar scenes retain their potency than from any unexpected twists in the plot. *The Sixties* is a thoughtful, honest, rather conventional account; given the kind of polemicism the subject naturally attracts, these can certainly be counted virtues. *In the New World*, more modest in scope, is fresher in ideas.

As different as their heroes are, the two books share a method, and the method implies a message. The method is to overlay bildungsroman onto social history. The implied message is that what happened in the '60s was a kind of massive cultural growth spurt, a gigantic educational experience. The nation enrolled in the University of History. It all looked like it was going to be great fun during orientation week back in November 1960, with that really neat new student body president and everything. But History turned out to be a much tougher grader than anyone imagined. Nobody, *nobody*, got straight A's, and some students unfortunately had to drop out. Still, in the end most of us graduated, and we're wiser for it.

For people born in the '40s and '50s, this is nearly an inevitable way of regarding the period. Every baby boomer knows three '60s chronologies. The first is the political chronology—the three elections; the three assassinations; Selma, Watts, Newark, Detroit; Berkeley, Columbia, San Francisco State, Kent State; Tonkin, Tet, Cambodia; and so forth. The second is the cultural chronology—the Beatles on "The Ed Sullivan Show," Bob Dylan at Newport, the Stones at Altamont; the hippies, the Yippies, the Diggers, the Panthers; the Pill, the miniskirt, and *The Feminine Mystique*; Pop Art and Op Art and Happenings; *Blow-Up*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Graduate*; and so on.

But the third chronology is the chronology of the things that happened just to you: the first time you bought your own stereo, fell in love, had sex, left home, drove across the country, got stoned, trashed the local ROTC office, applied to law school. The distinctive thing about life in the '60s—the thing that made it, for the postwar generation, different from life before and life after the '60s—was the sensation that the first two chronologies were somehow entirely a function of the third. "It was part of the

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solipsism of my own youth," as Wright puts it, "to believe that my teenaged taste for hamburgers, for instance, would naturally find expression in the rise of fast-food outlets all over the country, just as my sexual desires would batter down barriers of conduct, and my political beliefs, aimlessly acquired, would change the course of historical events."

For those who grew up in the '60s, acknowledging this reflex is easier than suppressing it. And though Wright and Gitlin naturally operate on a more objective plane when they try to account for what happened to America in the '60s, they don't quite avoid the distortions of the youth's-eye view. They tend to represent adults of the '50s in the way adults look to kids generally: as other children playing at being grown-ups—dressing up to go to church, fretting about made-up terrors like juvenile delinquency and "social maladjustment," believing naively in the American Century. Young adults of the '70s and '80s, on the other hand, are figured as skeptical, chastened, mature. There is nothing trivial about their anxieties—timely concerns about gender roles and the ecological balance. And their attitude toward the American anything is deeply ironic.

THIS WAY of describing things makes facing the '60s an easier task: we've looked at life from both sides now, and realize that if it hadn't been for the '60s, we'd all be back in the '50s, living like Ozzie and Harriet—folks who didn't even have the grades to get into the U. of H. There is nothing inherently wrong with this attitude. The belief that we are wiser than our parents is surely healthier, even if it's less true, than the conviction that we are not. The question is just what we think it is that we have learned.

The bildungsroman explanation for the '60s is appealing because it is the positive alternative to a common way of disparaging the decade—the argument that the pace of social and cultural change, the emphasis on youth, the disrespect for authority in the '60s are all attributable to the baby boom. In this view, '60s radicalism is reducible to a protracted adolescent episode played out on a national stage.

The trouble with this demographic explanation is that the baby boom generation and the '60s generation are not in fact the same. The boom dates from the middle of 1946, when the U.S. birthrate began to take off, nine months after V-J day. Thus by 1968 only the very oldest of the boomers had reached majority; and those born at the peak of the boom in 1957, when births exceeded 4.3 million, were 11. The youngest member of the baby boom generation, born in 1964, the last year in which births exceeded 4 million, was four. These were obviously not the people who participated in the Southern civil rights movement in the early '60s, or who organized marches against the war in 1965 and 1966, or who started dropping acid in Haight-Ashbury in 1967, or who planned the Chicago demonstrations in 1968.

Leaving aside Pied Pipers from a much older generation—Ken Kesey, Herbert Marcuse, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Spock, and so forth—the representatives of youth in the '60s were born well before the boom. Mario Savio, of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, was born in 1942; Rennie Davis in 1940; Tom Hayden in 1939; Jerry Rubin and Richard Flacks in 1938; Abbie Hoffman in 1936; SDS's Carl Oglesby and SNCC's Bob Moses in 1935; *Realist* editor Paul Krassner in 1931. Some of the musicians were a little younger, but the leading icons were not baby boomers: John Lennon was born in 1940, Bob Dylan in 1941. One has to stretch to find a genuine '60s figure who was born after the war. David Harris, the Stanford radical who married Joan Baez and then went to jail for draft evasion, was born in 1946—but he was famous precisely for being so young.

The leaders of the youth movement were themselves not especially young: Rubin was almost 30 and Hoffman was over 30 when they formed the Youth International Party—the Yippies. Far from being a part of the pig in the demographer's python, the phalanx of young people that is supposed to have burst by sheer size every social bond as it passed through the decade, most '60s radicals belonged to a generation that was the product of one of the lowest birth rates in the nation's history. They were baby busters. They moved through the system in unusually small cohorts; by the time the '60s arrived, they were ready for graduate school.

The most that can be said for the boomers' contribution to '60s cultural and political life is that they provided a massive consumer group for the fare their older brothers and sisters served up. If '60s youth behaved, as many accused them of behaving, with a unique arrogance, it was an arrogance derived from having belonged not to the enormous postwar, post-nuclear, post-scarcity generation of the demographic myth, but to the tiny pre-war generation that led the way into the postwar society. This was the generation that bred and then savored the fruits of '60s permissiveness; and this was the generation that produced the yuppies of the early '80s. The boomers have always followed, and have picked up whatever was left behind.

RECEIVED intelligence about the '60s tends to recognize three main players: the New Left, the counterculture, and postwar liberalism. All other characters get assigned supporting roles—the Wallaceites, for instance, are usually cast as doppelgängers of the New Leftists, common rebels against Establishment liberalism; mainstream culture is considered a parasite on the counterculture, commercializing its tastes and trends. The key historical problem is determining who, among the three leading performers, did what to whom. Did the New Left shame liberalism into a more responsible politics, or did it simply expose the futility of a radical alternative? Did the counterculture destroy the promise of the New Left by turning politics into a head trip ("The war is over if you want it"), or did it achieve the real victory over the Establishment by transforming mainstream values by non-political means?

The Sixties makes the case for giving the starring role to the New Left—"the dynamic center of the decade," Gitlin calls it, "pushing the young forward, declaring that change was here, forming the template for the revolt of hippies, women, and gays." This view has recently acquired a lot of company. Reconsideration of the '60s is being led by a spate of books focused on the New Left: James Miller's *"Democracy Is in the Streets,"* on SDS; Russell Jacoby's *The Last Intellectuals*, on left critical thought since the '50s; Maurice Isserman's *If I Had a Hammer . . .*, on the death of the Old Left and the birth of the New; David Farber's *Chicago '68*; and David Caute's *The Year of the Barricades*, on the events of 1968. A book on the New Left legacy by original SDSer Richard Flacks and a memoir by Tom Hayden have been announced for later this year. Not all of these books are equally sympathetic to the New Left, but that doesn't matter. They have succeeded for the moment in making reconsideration of the '60s a reconsideration of the New Left.

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How central was it? "We ended a war, toppled two presidents, desegregated the South, broke other barriers of discrimination," Hayden told *Time* magazine in 1977. So far as SDS itself is concerned, the claim is inaccurate—not because SDS didn't commit itself to those goals and do its part toward reaching them, but because in every case others were there first and others finished the job.

SDS civil rights activity in the South followed the lead of an indigenous black movement, and the work was completed by federal legislation. The first major campus disruption, the Berkeley Free Speech Movement of 1964, was not an SDS affair. The first mass demonstrations against the war came as a surprise to SDS, forcing it, as Gitlin explains, to change its political agenda in order to attract students for whom the war was a more radicalizing issue than economic and social injustice. Radical feminism (as Gitlin also makes plain) was a reaction against sexism within the New Left itself, and mainstream feminism (which Gitlin ignores) predated the radical variety by five or six years. Lyndon Johnson withdrew because a liberal who was nearly Johnson's running mate in 1964, assisted by do-goody kids for whom most SDSers felt contempt and supported by many voters who favored *escalation* of the war, embarrassed him in the New Hampshire primary. And apart from contributing to the general paranoia that also helped destroy the New Left itself, SDS had nothing to do with the demise of Richard Nixon. Watergate was The System Victorious, the event that made every college student want to become a lawyer or a journalist.

But real pressure from the left was the distinctive feature of '60s political life, a force that hadn't existed in the decade before and hasn't been a factor in the decades since. And it was the New Left that provided the spokesmen and the organization to keep that pressure on. In this respect its most significant difference from the older American left was that its characteristic mode was not the polemical pamphlet but the political action—the march, the strike, the sit-in, the teach-in, the trash-in. The New Left had very little interest in doctrinal dispute—which is why SDS could not prevent SNCC from throwing out its white members in 1965 and '66, could not prevent Progressive Laborites from joining its ranks in 1965, could not prevent the Weathermen from endorsing the governments of North Korea and Albania in 1969. It surrendered intellectual control over itself in exchange for the freedom to act.

Enabling for a time, this choice proved fatal for two reasons. One, an explanation Gitlin endorses, is that the New Left failed to appreciate the strength of anti-communism in American political life, and did so because it failed to appreciate the nature of communism. This was partly because ideology didn't make much difference to the New Left's constituents. "Communism?" as Jerry Rubin once put it. "Who the hell knows from communism?" The New Left would not have attracted more campus adherents if it had made opposition to Ho's government a prerequisite for opposition to the war. Most students weren't interested in discriminations of that sort and would have grown weary of arguing them.

WHAT STUDENTS liked about the New Left, in fact, was that it offered a package deal, and this is the second reason for its success and its failure. "The issues arise together," wrote Hayden, "and need to be addressed together." Hayden meant this in a narrow political sense: that consensus liberalism was a universalist ideology and therefore couldn't be opposed piecemeal. But the notion that everything hangs together had an appeal that went beyond politics. It promised that all the components of the '60s equation—the music, the drugs, the "free love," the political attitudes—added up to a complete and livable alternative to mainstream culture. In the short run, this notion proved powerful: it managed, for instance, to tie listening to rock music—by far the main unifying influence among '60s youth—in with political positions that had nothing to do with rock music. But in the end the idea was self-destructive. For it turned left politics into a lifestyle.

The secret genius of American liberalism, the eternal enemy of the left, is that it is not a lifestyle. It is a politics for a people that gets bored quickly with lifestyles, as people did with the '60s lifestyle. Most political histories of the '60s—Godfrey Hodgson's *America in Our Time*, Allen J. Matusow's *The Unravelling of America*, and above all Garry Wills's *Nixon Agonistes*—analyze the decade as the terminal crisis of classical American liberalism. They mean liberalism not in the parochial sense—the sense in which Lyndon Johnson was a liberal because he was a social progressive—but in the broader ideological sense, the sense in which Kennedy and Nixon were equally liberals. They mean the liberalism of the postwar consensus, the liberalism of the vital centrists, of Hartz and Schlesinger and Boorstin and Bell.

This liberalism failed, says Wills, because it prescribed more liberalism for situations in which liberalism was the problem, more politics for ills that politics could not cure. And each time liberalism responded to attacks on it with more liberalism, it exposed a little bit more of the vacancy at its heart. For when the crisis is procedural—access to opportunity, equality of rights, tolerance for difference—liberalism has the answers. But when the crisis is existential, liberalism offers nothing—just more due process.

A Marriage

There must have been some moments. What remains?

The honeymoon: I woke in that huge room
while she was sleeping, crept out of the bed
and opened up one blind and in the dawn
I watched the rhythms of her breathing form.

Returning, I'd cleared customs: there she was
the only person in the crowd beyond
the barrier, and then she noticed me
and all her waiting body waved her wave.

The separation: we'd been out at night,
had come back home in silence, just got in,
when she, while taking off her coat, had turned
and told me simply "I've decided." Yes,

that moment too is part of what remains.

DAVID CURZON

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The '60s witnessed two major political crises. One was about desegregation, to which liberalism eventually responded in as satisfactory a manner as liberal politics can. The other was about foreign policy and amounted in the end to a doctrinal split between two groups—interventionist anti-communists and non-interventionist anti-communists—within the liberal camp. But, for reasons suggested in these books and for reasons no one will ever really know, the period also witnessed an existential crisis, which the liberal Establishment was unequipped to minister to. Thus alternative leadership that offered content became attractive. Any alternative, any content—which is why a high proportion of those who voted in the 1968 Indiana Democratic primary for Robert Kennedy (after he had transformed himself in a matter of months from the very type of the consensus liberal into an existentialist messiah) voted in the general election for George Wallace.

FOR THE swollen population of American college students in the '60s, the alternative to liberalism was the countercultural version of New Left politics. "The enemy is the university," declared the Port Huron statement, "not some other part of society." And the strain of liberalism that the mass of New Left students attacked most enthusiastically was the pedagogical strain, which maintains (as Wills again describes it) that all views must be tolerated—except for the view that questions the proposition that all views must be tolerated. For that idea, no tolerance at all. When students demanded "relevance," what they were pleading for was content, a way of making choices about values.

But liberalism doesn't provide content in that sense; neither does the culture. The counterculture is in fact the perfect example of our cultural inadequacy. Such an *American* assortment of non-American cultural goods: a pastiche of Eastern mysticism (no one knew half the time what was Buddhist and what was Hindu), Frankfurt School Marxism, French existentialism, Latin American liberationism, Mexican hallucinogens. Even the music, which could certainly claim an American origin, was largely a British import. For a few years this amalgam hung together with a tenacity that betokened the seriousness of the cultural need, and then it collapsed, each component drifting off with its own sliver of the population into its own separate afterlife—est, Sufism, New Age politics, punk, academic critical theory, entrepreneurial capitalism.

The '60s was not a crisis of liberalism. It was in a sense the epitome of life in the liberal society—a society in which everything is done that can be done to help you get where you want to be, with the single exception of telling you what to do when you get there. For procedural victories the '60s is nearly unrivaled in our history. It produced the series of Supreme Court cases, beginning with *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961), that applied federal due process requirements to the states via the 14th Amendment; the criminal rights cases—*Escobedo* v. *Illinois* (1963), *Gideon* v. *Wainright* (1963), *Miranda* v. *Arizona* (1966); the Civil Rights Act of 1964, with the sweeping anti-discrimination provisions of Title IX; the Equal Opportunity Act of 1964, with the mandate for "maximum feasible participation" in its Community Action Programs; *Reynolds* v. *Sims* (1964)—one man, one vote; the Voting Rights Act of 1965; the free speech cases *Times* v. *Sullivan* (1964) and *Brandenburg* v. *Ohio* (1969); the privacy cases *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* (1965) and *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973); the Fair Housing Act of 1968. These acts and decisions, for better or worse, and more decisively than anything associated with the New Left or the counterculture, define the society we live in today. If that society is different from American society in 1959, it's because it is more liberal, not less.

THE dissatisfaction with liberal solutions that expressed itself in the '60s by a generally left lifestyle has expressed itself in the '80s by a right lifestyle. The challenge to liberalism was the keynote of the New Right rhetoric that swept Ronald Reagan to the White House in 1980: procedural permissiveness would be rolled back; we would stop throwing federal money and the 14th Amendment at our problems; we would settle, at long last, on some values that we would not allow to be relativized out of their effectiveness.

The challenge enjoyed a stunning rhetorical success. To many people unpersuaded by Reaganism it seemed that, in contradiction to everything History had taught us, Ozzie Nelson lived. But the success has been by and large only rhetorical. For the structure of liberalism that Reagan made such noises about dismantling in 1980 stands more or less intact in 1988. It is a mere skeleton of its former self, of course: the Reagan deficits have made it impossible to use fiscal policy, as it was used in the '60s and '70s, to address

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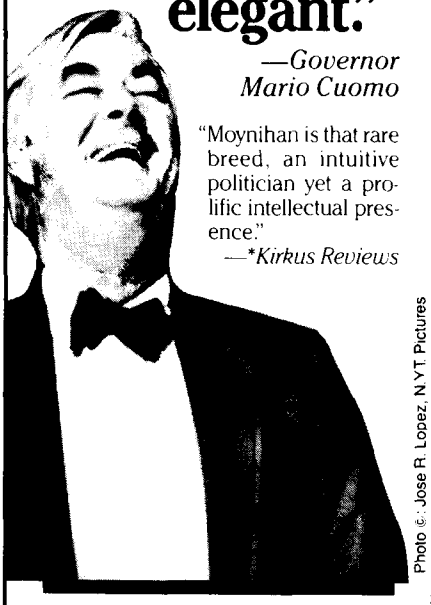

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social problems through government grants. The Reagan Justice Department has been reluctant (and worse) about enforcing the Civil Rights and Voting Rights Acts. The solicitor general's office has managed to prevent the Court from extending further the implications of criminal rights decisions such as *Miranda*. But although at heart the New Right is anti-liberal, as practiced by Reagan it has proved to be merely anti-progressive—which is a thing of much more limited consequence. The center in the '80s may have been taking a nap, but it has held.

It has always been Reagan's special gift as a politician to talk like a radical and govern like a pragmatist. That is what he did as governor of California in the late '60s and early '70s, when he raised taxes three times and increased state spending by 120 percent, and it is what he has done as president. (In both jobs he had an uncooperative legislature to take the blame, and to help him keep his rhetoric rhetorical.) He has thus managed to satisfy both ends of a contradiction in the American electorate: the desire to hear a politician stand up for something, and the disinclination to conform for very long to whatever it is that politician is standing up for. After all the excitement of the Reagan revolution, the prospect at the moment for the 1988 presidential election is of a contest between two paragons of classical liberalism: an Eastern Establishment Republican and a mildly progressive East Coast technocrat.

The common view these days of the contest involving the New Left, the counterculture, and liberalism in the 1960s is that the first two pretty much had their way with the third, but that liberalism squeaked by when the New Left and the counterculture recklessly overplayed their hands. Liberalism seems now once again alone in the field, but it is, people feel, a different liberalism, a liberalism haunted by the ghosts of its dead adversaries. None of the contestants can claim a real victory, and there is a fear that someday the game will have to be played all over again—a prospect many find appalling. But there is no reason for fear. American liberalism is always haunted by the specter of an alternative vision that promises to supply the content liberalism lacks. Whenever that specter takes shape, though, and liberalism seems imperiled, it can count on the American habit of becoming restless with explicit systems of value to rescue it. The game always has to be replayed. And it always comes out the same way.

THE RATIONALIST'S QUEST

J. G. Frazer: His Life and Work
by Robert Ackerman

(Cambridge University Press, 380 pp., $39.50)

The Italian sky is dreamy blue, the lake is thickly embowered in woods, the sea glitters in the distance. Yet this idyllic setting is the scene of a recurrent horror. Day and night a grim figure prowls about the sacred grove, a drawn sword in his hand: a priest and murderer. For this is the sanctuary of Diana at Nemi, where a dreadful rule obtained: "A candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to office by slaying the priest, and having slain him, he retained office till he was himself slain by a stronger or a craftier."

Such is a set piece, several pages long, with which Sir James Frazer opened *The Golden Bough*; he was to come back to Nemi at its close, with the shadows deepening in the hollow of the lake and the Angelus sounding across the wide expanse of the Campagna. His first pages go some way toward explaining why this reclusive scholar was once the most famous anthropologist in the world, reaching out from his study to thousands of ordinary readers, so that, as Robert Ackerman puts it in his masterly biography, "after the First World War certain Frazerian images became part of the intellectual and emotional landscape for anyone aspiring to a critical attitude to life." Frazer's was a literary imagination, and a pictorial imagination too. ("Who does not know Turner's picture of the Golden Bough?" are the words with which the book begins.) Beginning and ending alike reveal a lively, if crude, dramatic sense.

More important was his eye for bizarre and memorable fact: his readers are drawn at once into a strange and enthralling world. It is not surprising that Gibbon was his favorite historian, though he didn't have Gibbon's mastery of style; in truth his purple passages are rather flaccid, padded out with phrases like "golden glow of imagination," "woodlands wild," "our bark has drooped her weary sails in port." But when he got down to business, he wrote plainly and well. To dip into Frazer is to be whisked excitingly from Alaska to Madagascar, from Transylvania to the Torres Straits, and to feel, like Aeneas when he plucked the golden bough, that one has been given a passport to the arcana of the human spirit. No wonder that poets like Eliot and psychologists like Freud were fascinated by him.

Yet, as Ackerman says, "Frazer is an embarrassment." Nobody now wants to claim him for an intellectual ancestor. An embarrassment for the biographer too, one might suppose, since almost nothing happened in his life. Frazer was born in Glasgow in 1854, the son of a pharmacist; the family was conventionally and sincerely devout in the Scottish Presbyterian fashion. He graduated first from Glasgow and then from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he studied classics. In his mid-20s he was elected to a fellowship of Trinity, which in due course became permanent. He was not required to teach; instead, all day and every day, for some 50 years, he gave himself over to writing and research.

In his 40s he surprised his acquaintances by marrying a Frenchwoman, the widow of a sea captain. Henceforth he was guarded like some fabled hoard by this formidable dragon, and his social intercourse became even smaller than his naturally retiring temperament would have allowed. Lady Frazer seems to have been almost universally disliked, yet she looked after him devotedly and in his last years, when he was old and blind, even with heroism. Worn out with the effort, she died a few hours after her husband. The wags at Trinity said that she would not allow him even one day in peace.

Given the circumstances, it is natural that Ackerman's book should be largely an intellectual biography. Yet he persuades that Frazer's life casts light on the nature of his work, though this may not seem obvious at first. Ackerman is careful not to claim too much here. In dealing with Frazer's atheism, for example, he proceeds with the tact and sensitivity that mark his book throughout. We might expect to find in Frazer a violent reaction against his Presbyterian upbringing, with its severe Sabbatarianism, and so on. In fact, he remembered his childhood with affection. (One might add that Scottish Calvinism has a national as well as religious color: a Scot

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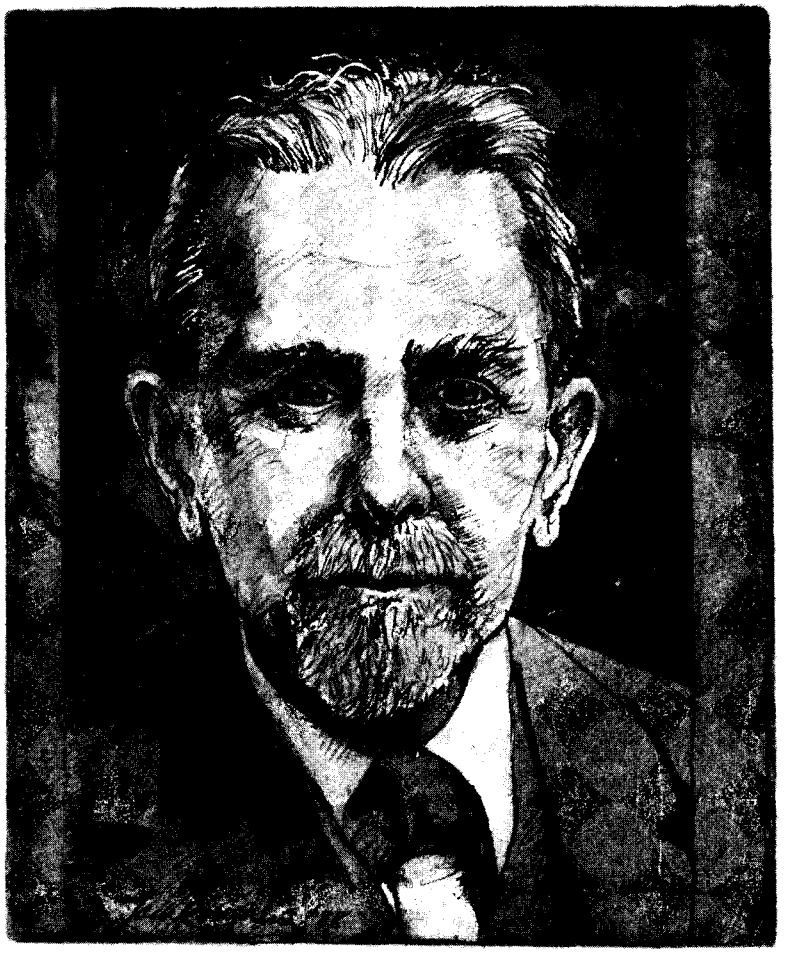
living in England might be expected to look back on it with the fondness that a man naturally has for the style and traditions of his homeland.)

Ackerman concludes that there is no clear cause for Frazer's rejection of Christianity. He was just one of those men in whom religion failed to "take." Yet his attitude was not coolly detached, either; there is an animus against Christianity, as Ackerman himself concedes. I suspect that it was essentially an academic animus. Few scholars get more flexible as they get older, and they often take up a testy or satirical attitude to those views that they have sought to controvert for professional rather than personal reasons. Wilamowitz depreciated Pausanias, to whose exegesis Frazer gave many years; and Frazer disliked Wilamowitz a good deal more than he disliked God.

Still, it helps to see Frazer as a man of his time. He was an atheist of a 19th-century style, Victorian in his confident belief in human progress and rationality. His best known idea, which made *The Golden Bough* so influential, is the theory that mankind proceeds from magic to religion, and from religion to science. It is a picture of humanity advancing in a thoughtful, purposeful way. The savage wanted to control his environment and invented magic as a means of so doing. After a while the wisest of the savages noticed that magic did not work and devised religion as a substitute. Science, once discovered, is manifestly superior to religion in explaining the world and will shortly supersede it altogether.

Now from a philosophical viewpoint, this picture of the relationship between religion and science is illusory. To suppose that these two great impulses of mankind are alternative and mutually exclusive accounts of the same thing is to misunderstand the scope of both. (One thinks of the Soviet cosmonauts who claimed to have shown that God does not exist because they had been thousands of feet above the Earth and seen no sign of him.) What 19th-century science had shown, through geology and Darwinism, was that the myths of the Old Testament could not be literally true; and though this was upsetting to many believers at the time, it is plain to us in hindsight that to attack biblical fundamentalism is not of necessity to attack belief in God. Nowadays only the saloon-bar atheist and the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart think otherwise. In Frazer's time it was not so obvious.



DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But though science and religion are not in theory incompatible, it might still be true, as a matter of historical fact, that once a civilization acquires science, it will choose sooner or later to discard religion. But this proposition, too, is doubtful, since it seems to misunderstand religion's emotional, social, and cultural value. As Ackerman argues, Frazer lacked a sense of religion as part of a cultural matrix. Instead, the wise savage turns out to be remarkably like Frazer himself: a calm, reflective individual for whom the invention of magic or religion is essentially a work of ratiocination, the making of a theory by which he attempts to solve an intellectual problem and to provide a conceptual tool for aiding the progress of his fellow men. What is missing in this is an understanding of the irrational forces in human nature. There is no mass emotion, no ecstasy or otherworldliness, neither orgy nor asceticism.

Here Frazer's life bears on his work. For his theory is the theory of a man who met few people, and those atypical; who had little notion of how ordinary people thought and felt; whose few friendships, to judge from Ackerman's book, were all intellectual friendships, other than that with his wife. Indeed, there is something not altogether admirable in Frazer's utter absorption in his own work. It was not maintained without some sacrifice. There were times when money problems pressed hard, though the Frazers could usually appeal to some fund to bail them out. Yet it never seems to have occurred to him, even when short, to teach or to lecture; I am reminded of those Victorian novels in which the hero falls on grievously hard times, but never thinks of taking a job.

Only once did Frazer escape from the orbit of Cambridge and London, when he accepted Britain's first chair of social anthropology, at Liverpool in 1907. Ackerman plausibly suggests that Lady Frazer, who had always felt slighted in Cambridge, was the motive force. It was a curious post, since it carried neither salary nor duties (Frazer was entitled to lecture if he wished), but within two months he decided to abandon it, justifying this humiliating retreat with high-sounding talk of "roots . . . which could not be pulled up without blood" and a quotation from Heine, his favorite poet, about losing a "lovely fatherland."

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**Newsweek*, on the first edition

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But it seems clear that what really drove him back was life in a workaday city among the bustle of ordinary people. Actually, his roots were in Glasgow; but Glasgow would never have done.

It is impossible not to feel that there was something poor-spirited about this. A retreat from everyday reality must surely be a weakness in a man whose professional study is mankind. Yet one can also see Frazer's intellectual character as the product not only of his own personality, but of his time. His individualist picture of human development as driven forward by the work of a few great men is part of a 19th-century tradition: his primitive intellectual, laying down the theology of the tribe, bears a resemblance to the Odin of Carlyle's lectures *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, the "Teacher," the "First Norse Thinker," originator of "The Scandinavian System of Thought."

THIS CONFIDENCE in the genius of the individual, descended from the Romantic age, mingles in Frazer's work with the imperialist self-confidence of the later 19th century. The triumphs of the European empires, and the civilizing mission they claimed to have set themselves, made it seem obvious that the conquerors had evolved further than the conquered, morally and culturally. The idea of evolution was itself one of the most exciting discoveries of the 19th century; we think first of Darwin, but Herbert Spencer had produced an evolutionary philosophy, and the intellectually ambitious were keen to apply this new tool to all the human sciences.

Another streak in Frazer that seems partly personal, partly Victorian is his social elitism. For his European anthropology he drew heavily on folklore, but he did not, like some folklorists, acquire an affection for his subject matter. The peasant, he said, "remains a pagan and a savage at heart," and his civilization is merely a "thin veneer" over "a bottomless layer of ignorance and superstition." The torpid bucolic mind was irresponsive to the law of human progress, and it could be regarded only with contempt.

Despite their great difference of temper, there are parallels between Frazer and his almost exact contemporary Freud (Frazer was born two years before Freud and died two years after him). Both had an eye for the odd or telling illustration, and the ability to set out the appearance of modern scientific detachment with a literary skill that enabled them to reach beyond an audience of professionals to a wide lay public. Both had an indulgent view of what constituted good evidence, and a readiness to collect their material as much from the library as from the field. (It is appropriate that Frazer's *Totemism and Exogamy* should have stimulated Freud's *Totem and Taboo*.)

And both were steeped in classical antiquity. Frazer began and ended his career as a classical scholar; Freud's debt to the ancient world is most obvious in the case of the Oedipus complex, but his theory of sublimation seems to owe a good deal to Plato, and his psychotherapeutic theory may owe something to the Aristotelian idea of catharsis. Most intriguing, the theory of the Freudian slip turns the subconscious into a kind of classical philologist, playing with textual corruption; indeed the second example in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* turns upon a misquotation of Virgil.

The great difference between the two men is that Frazer seems unalterably a Victorian, even though his greatest influence was in the 20th century, whereas Freud is also a modern, though we shall misunderstand him if we do not remember that he was also a 19th-century thinker. Significantly, it gave Frazer no pleasure that Pound, Eliot, and Lawrence admired him; the evidence is conflicting as to whether he regarded Freud with contempt or merely with bemusement.

FRAZER DOES NOT emerge from Ackerman's study as a lovable character, but he had fine qualities. He seems to have been without vanity, and he had a high sense of personal honor, which shaded at times into an almost morbid sensitivity. (When he discovered that he had mistranslated the words *"sexta luna"* in the Elder Pliny, he wrote to the Master of Trinity offering to resign his fellowship; if this attitude spreads, the universities will soon be empty.) His editions of Ovid and Pausanias are still used by classical scholars, but it is hard to think that his anthropology is due for a revival.

We might call *The Golden Bough*, as Henry James called *Middlemarch*, "a treasure-house of detail, but an indifferent whole." For its theoretical base is vague and insecure. Ackerman demonstrates this tellingly: there are three main explanations of the origin of myth, none of which is consistent with the others. In the third edition of *The Golden Bough*, Frazer embraces all three, apparently without awareness of contradiction. He

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wrote with great fluency, and in a way his immense productivity was a kind of laziness (though it is really an impertinence to say this of so industrious and dedicated a man): the vast accumulation of fact became a substitute for the exigencies of theory and self-criticism.

Ackerman writes with a fine sense of nuance and a nice feeling for the idiom of British life. But despite his scrupulous fairness—or perhaps because of it—his biography seems at times not far from being a hatchet job. Frazer inspired a generation, but his day is done. The zealous young rationalist who set out to lay low the dragon of superstition now resembles more the priest of Nemi who had first inspired his quest: the slayer who shall himself be slain.

RICHARD JENKYNS

Richard Jenkyns is the author of *The Victorians and Ancient Greece* (Harvard University Press).

THE RISE OF THE TECHNOCRATS

China's Second Revolution: Reform After Mao by Harry Harding

(Brookings Institution, 369 pp., $32.95, $12.95 paper)

Much misunderstanding has attended China's reforms, from the premature self-congratulation of Western conservatives who declare that China has adopted capitalism to the anxiety of Asian statesmen about a third superpower in the neighborhood. Harry Harding's new book is a reassuring guide for the perplexed. He is broadly informed and shows remarkable skill in bringing order to the welter of data that overwhelms students of China. His "mid-course assessment" of the reforms is comprehensive and clear. Harding predicts that the reforms are likely to continue more or less in the direction that Deng Xiaoping has set, that China will not adopt capitalism or Western-style democracy, and that the impact of China's growing strength on the world economy and political system is unlikely to disrupt them in major ways.

Both a strength and in certain ways a weakness of Harding's analysis is the distinction he proposes among conservatism, moderate reform, and radical reform. He sees each as being simultaneously a package of policy options, the orientation of a group of Chinese leaders, and a phase (or potential phase) in the reform process. Conservatism in the current Chinese context means favoring the reassertion of state control over the economy and the preservation of Party dominance in politics. Radical reform would entail increased reliance on market mechanisms and movement toward political pluralism. Moderate reformers seek a balance between plan and market, with the state remaining dominant; they favor controlled political liberalization that stops short of threatening the Party's monopoly of power. Deng, whose personal authority remains the key to Chinese politics, listens to proposals from both kinds of reformers, but has thrown his weight to the moderate side at key moments.

Events since the book was finished in early 1987 confirm Harding's view that, despite zigs and zags, conservatism has been on the decline. At the 13th Party Congress last October, the elderly conservatives Peng Zhen and Li Xiannian resigned from the highest organ of Party power, the Politburo Standing Committee. Both are also expected to resign from their positions in the government, as National People's Congress standing committee chairman and state president respectively, at the Seventh Congress, which opened on March 25. Deng himself and Chen Yun, a moderate reformer, have also resigned from the Party's Standing Committee.

The five members of the new Standing Committee belong to a younger generation of leaders, ranging in age from 58 to 70. Zhao Ziyang, the new Party general secretary, and Hu Qili fall into Harding's category of radical reformers. Li Peng, who is also the new prime minister, and Yao Yilin are moderate reformers who have worked in the state planning apparatus and have good personal relations with the older leaders. The fifth member, Qiao Shi, has a background in Party personnel and security work. The discretion and political agility that brought him to the top will presumably keep him in line with whatever policy the other leaders select.

China has thus been following the path taken earlier by the Soviet Union and other socialist states. In the last several years Deng and Zhao had already replaced millions of Party and state officials with younger cadres of the so-called second and third echelons, or generations. According to research by Hong Yung Lee of Yale University, on the eve of the 13th Congress more than 50 percent of the State Council (Cabinet) ministers, provincial governors, and provincial first Party secretaries came from career backgrounds as engineers and economic managers.

The congress marked a major step in this process of takeover by technocrats. The new Politburo is composed almost entirely of people from technical and managerial backgrounds who are members of Harding's two reform groups. Two-thirds of the members of the new Central Committee are first-time appointees. Their average age (including alternate members) is 55, almost four years younger than the average of the previous Central Committee, and almost three-quarters of them have college-level educations, 18 percent more than in the previous group. At the level of ministry heads, provincial governors, and Party secretaries, few identifiable conservatives remain, except for scattered individuals in the propaganda bureaucracy and certain research institutes.

In policy and ideology as well as personnel, the congress marked a victory for the reform line. Of the six tasks enumerated in Zhao's political report to the congress, the first five are modernization, reform, the opening to the West, development of the commodity economy, and democratization. The conservatives' favorite policy plank of raising ideological and ethical standards was relegated to last place. Moreover, the report for the first time provided a well-thought-out ideological rationale for reform. Many Party members have worried that the reform lacked a clear sense of direction, that by choosing policies only because they promote economic growth, the reformers could not guarantee that they were leading China in the direction of socialism. Zhao's political report allays

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this concern by accepting as official doctrine the controversial theory of the "primary stage of socialism." The theory provides an endlessly flexible rationale for importing capitalist elements into China's economy while still claiming that the ultimate orientation is toward socialism.

THE TERM radical reform describes nicely the economic part of Zhao's program. I once asked an economist who is close to Zhao how a socialist country can consider allowing the sale of stocks, land-use rights, and labor. "I have a simple logic," he told me. "Socialism is good, and what is good is socialism. Our goals are a strong country, a wealthy people, and an open society. Anything that helps us achieve these goals is socialism." Only against the background of this kind of thinking can one make sense of what otherwise seems the cynical doubletalk of Standing Committee member Hu Qili's recent lecture to Chinese propaganda officials, in which he stated that "whatever benefits the development of the productive forces is required or permitted by socialism, and whatever does not benefit it is contrary to scientific socialism." Ideology no longer constrains economic policymaking under Zhao; economic policy directs ideology. And for its economic efficacy, many Chinese today have more faith in the market mechanism than we in the West do.

But the political part of radical reform did not fare well at the 13th Congress. During 1986 Deng had licensed a wide-open debate on political reform by announcing that political reform was on the agenda, but that nobody knew what shape it would take. Some of the proposals that were put forward in response were truly radical in the Chinese context—a multiparty system, freedom of the press, separation of powers, the affirmation of a sphere of individual rights within which the state could not meddle. Such ideas had been presented quite a few times before, but never publicly by established figures under official protection. But after the student demonstrations of late 1986 and the removal of Hu Yaobang from the position of Party general secretary, the public debate was closed down. It was succeeded by a behind-the-scenes struggle over a number of issues, including the political proposals to be presented in Zhao's report to the 13th Congress.

In the event, Zhao did not propose measures to increase freedom of political competition. He limited himself to recommending reforms that will confirm the dominance of the technocrats in the bureaucracy. The decision to establish a civil service system in the state bureaucracy will, if implemented, help the reformers ease out old-fashioned cadres and replace them with younger, better educated staff who are more responsive to the new leadership. And the policy of "separating Party and government" will enable reformers in enterprise and government offices to isolate and ignore uncooperative Party cadres. Political reform for the time being has become a code word for administrative streamlining, in the course of which power will continue to shift from the old kind of elite to the new.

THE GROUP Harding calls radical reformers have thus turned out to consist of two separate groups. The advocates of radical political reform are mostly academics, many of them not even members of China's Communist Party and only a few of them enjoying access to the leaders. The radical economic reformers, on the other hand, favor strong, authoritarian government, not democracy on the Western model. The middle of a controversial and risky reform process is no time, they reason, to loosen political control in a country that has been tightly disciplined for 40 years and that is already becoming increasingly turbulent. The technocrats' continued commitment to authoritarianism is thus due much less to the influence of traditional political culture, as Harding argues, than to the realpolitik of reform.

But unpacking the radical reform group into marketeers who are politically conservative and political radicals who have no power only adds support to Harding's conclusion that the prospect is for a continuation of what he calls "consultative authoritarianism." To be sure, the Zhao group has sponsored a doctrinal advance by acknowledging the existence of a diversity of interests in society. Such diversity, they say, is one of the characteristics of the initial stage of socialism. Polling has become popular among technocrats. The results, however, are normally kept classified, used not to stimulate public debate but to assist in planning programs that will minimize opposition.

A second element of the current Chinese scene that Harding's conservative-moderate-radical trichotomy tends to obscure is the sturdy social basis of conservatism. It is by no means a preference of only a few elderly leaders. A recurrent paradox of reform in many countries is that while many people benefit, most people also feel disadvantaged in comparison with the benefits they hoped for or those they perceive others enjoying. In China, although no one admits wanting to turn the clock back to the Mao period, many are dissatisfied with reform in one way or another. Peasants have gotten richer, but they complain that their lives are harder than those of urban workers and that they have less security. Urban factory and office workers complain that their salaried incomes have not kept up with inflation, especially with the prices of free market foods sold in the cities by peasants. Small-scale individual entrepreneurs are dissatisfied because they have less prestige and economic security than other urban dwellers, while salaried workers are jealous of their freedom of lifestyle and potentially high earnings.

A Chinese city official described to me what happens when reform measures affect the interests of members of the public:

> Workers in a beer factory sent delegates asking for permission to raise the price of beer so the factory could make more profits and the workers could get larger bonuses. When I gave permission they celebrated the news with gongs and drums. But when I allowed other factories to raise their prices to keep up with the general level of prices, the workers in the beer factory sent a delegation to my office to complain about inflation.

So too with jobs, this official continued. Whoever couldn't find work or lost his job came to the government to demand a job assignment.

PUBLIC OUTRAGE over price rises and over unemployment has been the major barrier to thorough economic reform in Eastern Europe. Whether the Chinese reformers can break through them remains to be seen. Price decontrol and allowing enterprises to fire workers were announced three years ago as policy goals by the Third Plenum of the 12th Central Committee. But the reformers delayed the implementation because they feared disruptive social consequences. The 13th Congress has now reaffirmed the commitment to these measures. But increased market regulation of the economy will inevitably worsen inflation; and "invigorating enterprises" by giving them the right to fire inefficient workers will at least force people to change to

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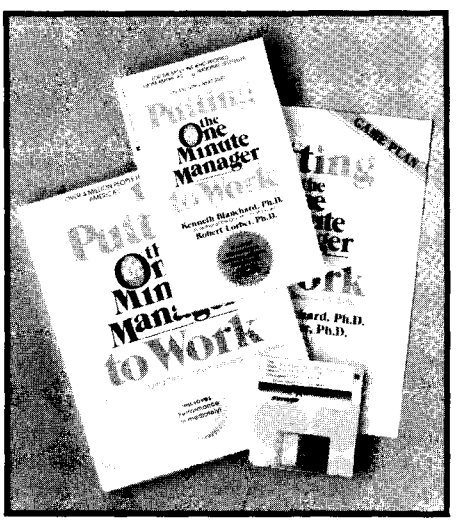

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less desirable jobs, if it does not actually increase unemployment. The reformers plan to use income supplements and welfare provisions to cushion the effects of these changes, but there is still great danger of political backlash.

Mao Zedong used to quote Lenin to the effect that "small production engenders capitalism and the bourgeoisie continuously, daily, hourly, spontaneously, and on a mass scale." Today, ironically, the process is just the opposite. What the mentality of China's small-producer peasants, urban shopkeepers, and factory workers is generating continuously, daily, hourly, is not the demand for capitalism, but what in the Chinese context is the conservative demand for state economic paternalism. It will be the major political obstacle to the implementation of market-based reforms during the years ahead.

Moreover, in contrast to the former leaders' commitment to socialist planning, the new leaders' belief in the market is not doctrinaire. They have already turned back several times to direct state intervention to correct problems generated by market-oriented reforms, among them energy and transport bottlenecks, inflation, and a decline in grain production. The trend toward expansion of the role of the market will continue only so long as it shows results. When its benefits are perceived to run out, the reformers themselves will sponsor a revival of stronger state control.

Harding properly points to the uncertainty that still surrounds the succession to Deng. An outward appearance of unity has always characterized Chinese Communist politics when struggles were brewing. The reformers who seem secure in power today may split among themselves or be toppled by other leaders who are not yet so well known to the West. Although Harding considers continuation of the reforms the most likely eventuality, he warns that leadership instability combined with economic difficulties and social opposition could lead to a slowing or partial reversal, although probably not to a return to Maoism. Whatever direction China takes after Deng, Harding's lucid book is the one to pack for the journey.

ANDREW J. NATHAN

Andrew J. Nathan is professor of political science at Columbia University and the author of *Chinese Democracy* (University of California Press).

THE MONGOL MOMENT

Khubilai Khan: His Life and Times
by Morris Rossabi

(University of California Press, 314 pp., $25)

In the days before nation-states crowded the surface of the earth, before a notion like human rights could be readily articulated in any living language, the Mongols ruled the world for a time. The strangely segmented empire created under the successors of Genghis (Chinggis) Khan—in 1206 the Great Khan, or khan of khans, of the Mongol federation—stretched from the eastern marches of Poland to Korea, as one looked west to east, and from Siberia to Burma, as one looked north to south. India was added later in a partial reconstitution of the Mongol empire by the self-proclaimed heir of Genghis, Tamerlane (Timur-i-lang), who on his deathbed in 1405 may have been considering a reconquest of China.

The "Four Lineages" of Genghis's sons and grandsons ruled Persia, Russia, Central Asia, and China as separate appanages. As they went they soaked up what good ideas about governing (which to the Mongols meant expropriation, more or less) seemed to be offered by the remnants of former local empires. When Ogödei, Genghis's third son and successor as Great Khan, established stable Mongol control of North China in the early 13th century, he quickly grasped the logistic advantages of the ancient and, in China, well-tempered instrument of taxation over burning and pillaging as a means of redistributing wealth from Chinese to Mongol hands. The Mongols had always understood the principle of most booty with least fuss—though of course, if nothing less than a fury of gore would suffice, the Mongols were prepared.

So inviting did China appear to the Mongols thereafter that they not only stayed but continued on to south China, where they finally destroyed the Song dynasty in 1279. Ogödei had died in 1241, a felicity to which some historians have credited the survival of Europe. By 1260 the Great Khan was his nephew, Khubilai (1215-94), who in 1272 made himself an emperor as well by founding the Yuan dynasty in China. That dynasty was to be short-lived but had a profound impact on China's later development and on the imagination of the world.

Chinese chronicles have often said of dynastic founders that one can conquer on horseback but must dismount to rule. Khubilai Khan, the subject of Morris Rossabi's new biography, was the dismounted emperor of the Mongols, the leader among them who understood the virtues of, or at the least the advantages of, the Chinese traditions of imperial maintenance. It was due to him that the Mongol dynasty had whatever longevity it had in China, and that Mongolian influence there survived the Yuan dynasty itself by many centuries. In the West, Khubilai has been a somewhat mystical figure, combining the omnipotence of a Mongolian khan with the aestheticism of a Chinese emperor. He and his regime were glorified by Marco Polo, whose apparent descriptive excesses more than once caused him to be called the greatest liar in history. Khubilai was the fantasy object of Coleridge's opium-induced reveries, an ideal of pure power and pure sensuality.

Without the romantic haze Westerners have cast over Khubilai for 600 years or so, he still looks pretty impressive. It is worth remembering that although much about the Mongols and their ways may have seemed new (and thoroughly unpleasant) to the civilizations that encountered them at both ends of the steppes, the Mongolian armies did not arise out of nowhere and sweep the world on pure instinct. The Central Asian steppes had been the scene of empire building, in different forms, for a very long time.

The Central Asian cultures had ties with India and with West Asia. Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Nestorian Christianity, a concept of universal kingship, a phonetic writing system, trade wares (camels, pottery, wine) were communicated in a rather inefficient manner from western regions to China by these Central Asian peoples, sometimes over the Silk Road, named for only one of the products China ultimately returned by the same meandering route. Nomadism was a necessary underpinning of much

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of this trade, but also had a sound and enduring base in the pastoral economy for which the region was well suited. The Mongols, who originated well to the east of the Central Asian steppes, had absorbed the most useful products of this cultural milieu by the time they rose to power under Genghis.

THEY WERE very successful nomads. Their society, like those from which they borrowed, was rigidly stratified, with a rich variety of institutions of servitude. Slavery was a socially necessary and mutually beneficial form for slave and master, since under the circumstances humans could be significantly elevated in value by being transformed into property. From the Turks, and perhaps ultimately from the ancient Iranians via Scythians and Sogdians, they had inherited and revised somewhat an ideology of rulership realized as the "khan of khans." From the Kitans who had once been their overlords they borrowed a flexible system of sociopolitical organization based on the *ordos*, or noble estates in transit that included not only cattle, wagons, and yurts but also soldiers, weapons, horses, and women—these well-organized entities were transformed into the howling, marauding, ungovernable "hordes" of the European lexicon. Also from the Kitans (who had appropriated it from the Turks) they learned the management of truly large armies, grouped by *tumen* (that is, groups of 10,000) and well disciplined for the field.

The cultural conditions of Central Asia also appear to have made the Mongols tolerant of nearly limitless religious diversity. Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Judaism, Christianity, and Zoroastrianism all found safe haven and some prominent adherents within the khan's realm; so long as they did not contravene the traditional taboos of the Mongols or disturb the political waters, these and others were generally free to practice as they chose. The khan, of course, while humoring the contending doctrines did not neglect his own duties in worshiping the one true god: Tenggeri ("Heaven"), the impersonal deity responsible for all Mongol successes, who could only be placated by shamanistic attendance and sacrifice.

Thus Khubilai, as the Mongol ruler of China, had two rather bulging bags of tricks from which to draw—the Mongolian and the Chinese. He proved to have a talent for dismounting, and was rather deft in combining the two great traditions in efficacious ways. The most obvious of his achievements is perhaps the one least often appreciated. When Khubilai's uncle Ogödei came to Chinese territory, there was no China to be found. Northern China was under the control of the Jurchens. Southern China was ruled by the Song dynasty, which had set itself up during the years of chaotic fragmentation that followed the collapse of the Tang empire in the tenth century. Western China was controlled by the so-called "Western Xia" dynasty, a Tibetan people called the Tanguts who had also established their regime in the aftermath of the Tang collapse; minor states had sprouted up at the southern and western perimeters of what had once been Tang land. The three major states had separate languages, separate writing systems, variant forms of imperial government, and each a distinctive cultural orientation. Had the Mongols not had the power to subjugate or obliterate such states, co-opt or decimate their nobilities, and impose on them Mongol control, it is a question whether there would be a China today.

Having reunified much of that former geographical entity as the Yuan dynasty (the remainder was under control of the Chaghadai Mongol lineage in Central Asia), Khubilai supplied it with an advanced postal and currency system. He imported Persian and Turkic bureaucrats to control taxing and finance, and made sure that the major cities of the empire were well integrated with the overland Central Asian trade routes of the greater Mongolian empire. Islam, which had been known in China since the very late seventh century, became a force. The intellectual influences of Central and West Asia were also considerable; astronomy, mathematics, pharmacology, and engineering had made great progress in the Islamic world, and these achievements became known soon enough to the Chinese bureaucratic class the court warily employed.

Finally, it was Khubilai who created the spirit, if not all the remaining particulars, of Beijing. Under earlier dynasties the city had been important, but underdeveloped. Khubilai based his government there and named it his Great Capital (Dadu), or as he also had it, City of the Khan (Khan-balikh, Polo's Cambaluc). He ordered massive mud walls built around it (a tiny portion of them can still be seen), designed the main streets to be broad and wide (Mongols needed clear

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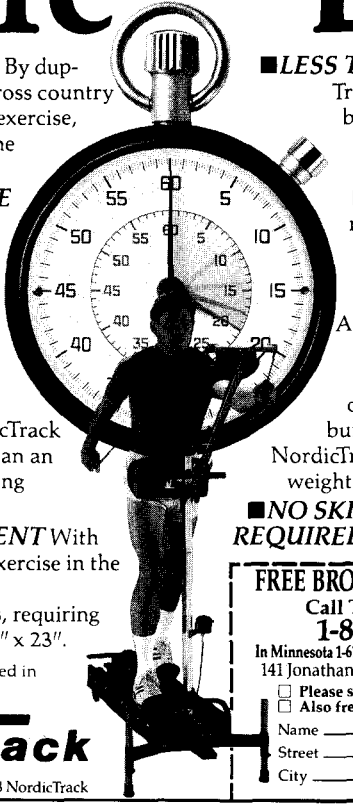

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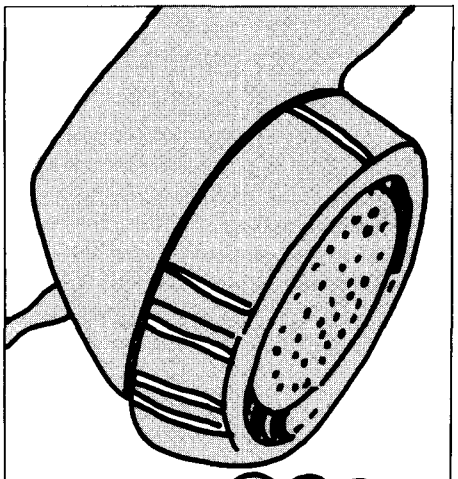

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stretches for their horse runs), and developed the linked lakes and artificial islands at the city's northwest edge as a closed imperial complex. And yes, Khubilai did have a stately pleasure dome, or at least an exquisite park in the grounds of his summer palace, at Xanadu—that is, at Shangdu, the Superior Capital, now in Inner Mongolia.

For all this there was a price, both for the Chinese and for the Mongols. The countryside, where most Chinese lived, suffered during the Mongolian reign. Tax-farming imposed a harsh burden on the cultivating population. Economic depression, depredations by disorderly Mongols and Tibetan monks, and disease may all have been among the factors that worked to stunt and then actually reverse population growth; where the Song/Jin population had been well in excess of 100 million, the Mongol century seems to have resulted in a reduction to, perhaps, 60 million. Even Chinese living in the more prosperous cities had much to complain of under the Yuan occupation. The legislated social system placed Chinese on the bottom rung, after Mongols and Central Asians; southern Chinese (who were inclined to see themselves as heirs of the better literary, culinary, and voluptuary traditions) were ranked lower than northern Chinese. Merchants and usurers, who in traditional Confucian social thought were the lowest classes, were now vaunted over scholars, who were no longer the exclusive source of officials.

Toward traditional Chinese literature, the Mongols were for the most part benignly neglectful. They did not attempt to prohibit the population from wasting its time with the solitary literary arts, but they themselves preferred to be entertained by others. Peking opera, hardly the most sophisticated of the arts, became the patronized pastime, and styles of painting and writing regarded in their time as naive or even coarse took the ascendancy. Women too seemed not to know their place in certain Mongol households. The mothers of both Genghis and Khubilai brazenly stage-managed their sons' careers. Khubilai's second wife and *ordo* manager, Chabi, became a fashion maven and one of Khubilai's most trusted advisers. And Khutulun, a princess of the Chaghadai lineage, was a ferocious warrior who hustled thousands of horses off of prospective bridegrooms who lost to her in jousting matches. The world had indeed, for the Chinese, turned upside down.

For the Mongols, the emperorship after Khubilai seemed an irresistible prize, and the Mongolian nobility in China, having not much sympathy with notions of smooth transitions of power, tore itself apart in sporadic orgies of political violence in the early 14th century. It was an easier task than might have been expected for a sometime-monk named Zhu Yuanzhang to foment a frenzy of Chinese patriotism and racial hatred, to drive the Mongols from power, and to announce himself the first emperor of the Ming dynasty in 1368.

THIS MUCH had been well established before the publication of Rossabi's *Khubilai Khan*. What had been missing, however, was a portrait of the "real person" Rossabi assures the reader that Khubilai was. The author, who is a major source of original research on Central Asia, here shows so masterly a grasp of the marginalia on Khubilai and the Yuan period that the subject seems at times even banal. We see Khubilai and Chabi on a "cookout," we are told the couple brooded over whether Mongols needed sun visors on their hats, and we are informed that Khubilai in his later years exhibited all the "clinical signs of alcoholism."

Elsewhere Rossabi offers higher-order assessments of Khubilai that cast him and the Mongols in some unexpected lights. For instance, he documents Khubilai's apparent sympathy for his Chinese subjects—in contrast to the official policy of discrimination. Though he did not read Chinese, Khubilai had been lectured to in his youth by hired Confucian tutors and he grasped the appeal of the basic concepts for the Chinese literati; his capital was studded with temples to ancestors, to agricultural deities, and to appropriate Confucian virtues. Khubilai's second son was marked as a kind of living offering to the Chinese constituency of the empire, given a Chinese name and conspicuously educated in Chinese literature and religions. The emperor attempted, by Rossabi's estimate, to shield Chinese peasants from the sharper edges of the tax system, and to design a mutual aid scheme that would provide them some cushion during hard years. (The system would also, it is noted, provide the state with a good census-taking and policing apparatus in all years.) Later he was solicitous of

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southern merchants who struggled to maintain the sea routes they had exploited before the Mongol conquest.

Rossabi also shows Khubilai to have been slightly more like a Chinese than like a Mongol in his religious sympathies. Buddhism was more appealing to him than Christianity (his mother's religion) or Islam. The latter he attempted for a time to circumscribe, possibly because it was espoused by his rivals for power within the Mongol empire—but possibly too because he sensed that he was more tolerant of the Muslims than they were of him. Perhaps more important, Rossabi gives extensive attention to Khubilai's difficulties in juggling all the complexities of the structure he created. The pastoral economy of the Mongols and the agricultural economy of the Chinese were in constant friction, with the result that many Mongols were depastoralized and in jeopardy of being de-Mongolized over time. Abuses by his financial commissioners, entrenched resistance in the old Song territories, and rebellions in Tibet and Manchuria threatened to throw Khubilai's delicate political machine into chaos.

In the end Khubilai's failings, as they are characterized by Rossabi, were flaws of judgment and character. His proud attempts to extend his conquests to Southeast Asia and to Japan brought him bankruptcy and humiliation; his horses were stymied by the heat and the jungles of the south, and the Divine Wind (*kamikaze*) blew his ships away from the Japanese shore.

KHUBILAI KHAN is much more than a biography. It is a comprehensive treatment of the cultural and political dimensions of the 13th century in both China and Central Asia. Such a work has been needed, but Rossabi is frank about the frustrations of filling the gap. For all his power, Khubilai and much of the Mongol saga remain a cipher. Very few Yuan monuments survive. Unlike their Ming and Qing successors, the Mongols built no imperial tombs, and their great habitations were often wood and rammed-earth creations that couldn't weather the centuries. There is also very little Mongol accounting of their own deeds, compared with the vast testament in Latin, Greek, Armenian, Russian, Persian, Chinese, and other languages of those whom they conquered. An interior history of the Mongols of Khubilai's time has not yet been discovered and written. But Rossabi's work goes far, perhaps as far as possible, toward redressing the imbalance.

PAMELA KYLE CROSSLEY

Pamela Kyle Crossley, who teaches at Dartmouth College, is a fellow at the Bunting Institute.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

mented rationally, and are not applied solely in reaction to the hysteria surrounding last year's Moscow embassy ordeal.

SUSAN Z. HOLIK
American Foreign Service Association
Washington, D.C.

ON BEHALF OF COMPUTERS

To the editors:

Edward Mendelson, reviewing *Electric Language: A Philosophical Study of Word Processing* by Michael Heim ("The Corrupt Computer," February 22), writes, "The computer lets you write easily for the same reason it lets you write badly." The computer does as much for a writer as a telephone does for a caller. If the caller does not dial, he won't get his party. It is the word processor program the writer deals with; the computer only carries out the instructions. There are all kinds of word processing programs. I limit mine to putting out the same thing my typewriter puts out as hard copy. The only difference is that I can delete, insert, move stuff around, and correct any spelling errors before I print out a copy. When I use a typewriter, my favorite character is "X."

HARRY TANNENBAUM
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

This was written on a PC of the IBM splinter sect variety. It has saved many trees and eased the load of garbage workers. Idiotic sentences and illogical thoughts look as idiotic and illogical on screen as on paper. Perhaps the computer is not corrupting but merely exposing bad writers. I have always subscribed to the reverse of Edward Mendelson's premise, namely: a tool is only as good as its craftsman.

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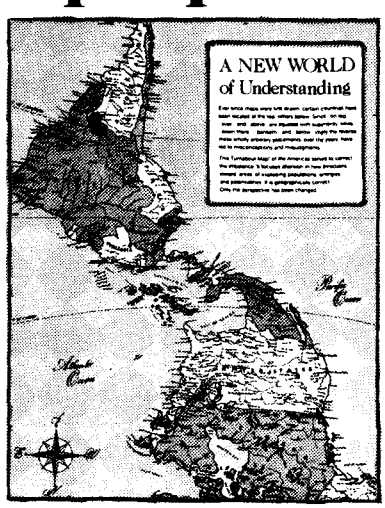
Corrective perspective



RUN-OF-THE-MILL maps place the U.S. above. Since "upper" is equated with "superior," this has bred misconceptions and mischief. The Turnabout Map of the Americas offers a corrective perspective.

"I'm having it framed" — Robert MacNeil
"Helps restore proportion" — A. Schlesinger,Jr.
"The Department of Education could send it out" — William R. Hearst, Jr.

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LOS ANGELES DIARIST

How Rude

HERE IN THE movie capital it is only the size of the stakes that keeps sane and dignified people from bolting out of the room when meetings are being "taken," since the treatment accorded all comers by the royalty of the industry, no matter their youth or hipness, is generally revolting. A friend met recently with two hot young moguls—producers whose movies have earned about $1 billion in the last five years—at their request to discuss a problem they thought he could help them with. A happy solution will mean hundreds of thousands of dollars for everyone. In the middle of the discussion in their antique-crowded offices, one of the young lords interrupted my friend and said, "I feel like some water. Would you like some water?" The friend said yes, a glass of water would be welcome. The other mogul also asked for a glass of water. The first mogul nodded in understanding, turned to his phone, called the office Ganymede, and said, "Two Ramlosas, and a glass of water, please." The two sparkling waters were, of course, delivered to the moguls. My friend was aghast at this movieland hospitality. But he concentrated instead on the deal, which he assumed, from the potty purveying of the potables, was in danger. The meeting ended seemingly without solution, but at its final moment there was a sudden and ceremonious validating of the friend's parking stub. So now he thinks, probably correctly, that they want another meeting.

PRODUCERS AREN'T the only ones living in the ozone. Writers, actors, and the unions are each equally capable of madness. A TV screenwriter who was hired to "dramatize" for television a magazine story I had written proudly sent me not only an autographed copy of his script, but also—God knows why—a photocopy of his contract with the production company. The contract was indeed more interesting than his script. ("I'm gonna give 'em Faust," he told me when he undertook the assignment, and he did take a droll piece about the newspaper world and transform it into a dreary piece about the sad price of success.) What intrigued me most about the contract was an addendum on the last page to the effect that, should the screenwriter win the Nobel Prize in literature, his agent would not participate in the prize money. I can't decide what is more breathtaking: the conceit that a hack TV script might win its author the Nobel Prize in literature or his shrewdness in denying his agent ten percent if this miracle should occur.

AND NOW A REPORT from the union front. *Daily Variety* reports that the Screen Actors Guild's "name duplication committee" has told John Waters, the offbeat director of *Hairspray* and *Pink Flamingos*, that he can't appear on screen under his own name, even when playing himself. Since there's already an actor somewhere in the world registered as John Waters, the man everyone really knows as John Waters (and who appears as such in *Hairspray*) has been told to stop using his own name, even in his own movies, and come up with a new one. The other John Waters hasn't worked since 1977, when he appeared in "The Scalp Merchant," "Cass," and "Demolition."

NOT LONG AGO I wrote to a prominent actress requesting an interview for a story. After a few days I received a phone call from the actress's executive personal assistant. "Mr. S," she said, "Ms. M wanted me to call and tell you that she has received your letter and will be telephoning you personally to respond within a few days." "That's great," I said, a little bewildered, "I look forward to talking with her." But the executive personal assistant wasn't finished: "And I should tell you that when she calls she'll be calling to say she's flattered but she's not going to be able to do the interview." "Oh," I said, and that call was over. Of course, Ms. M has never called. It's the intention, I guess, that counts. This reminds me of the custom carried out to this day by the British royal family of maintaining specially designed coaches, furnished with the state regalia but pointedly unable to carry passengers, which are sent, obviously empty, as a kinky sign of royal favor to the funerals of longtime state servants and distant acquaintances who don't quite rate human attendance.

ARMAND HAMMER, L.A.'s answer to the queen mother, was most recently in the headlines with the news that he was building himself a museum to house his art collection. The inside scoop was that this meant he was reneging on 17 years of promises to leave this collection to the L.A. County Museum, apparently because the museum wasn't prepared to meet the latest demands of the ego-raging Dr. Hammer for suitably special curatorial treatment for his truly modest gewgaws after his death. The county's loss is also my neighborhood's loss, since it's here in Westwood that the man-who-knew-Lenin plans to build his culture temple. From an office window I can see the site, and by taking a stroll around the corner I can also see the impressive mausoleum Ancient Armand has built for himself in the tiny Westwood Village Cemetery, in which Marilyn Monroe also rests. When Armand's out of the papers for more than a few days I look for signs of activity around the mausoleum. His will be a well-choreographed and quite impressive send-off, I'm sure. I'll send an empty Suzuki Samurai—the tiny Jeep-like car that's become the hottest status vehicle here—to that one.

L.A. HAS ALWAYS had fascinating funeral customs, and I discovered a new one recently in a newspaper death notice. Instead of the conventional "In lieu of flowers, a remembrance to a favorite charity would be appreciated," this said: "In lieu of flowers, consideration to the family would be appreciated." A call to the mortician confirmed that this was a request for cash. "It doesn't happen very often," the mortician said, "but it's happening more often. Some people see flowers as just useless. And some people really need the money. If you're uninsured, you need help." Watch for this latest California-spawned trend in your part of the country.

AVID SURFER

Avid Surfer is the pseudonym of a Los Angeles-based writer.

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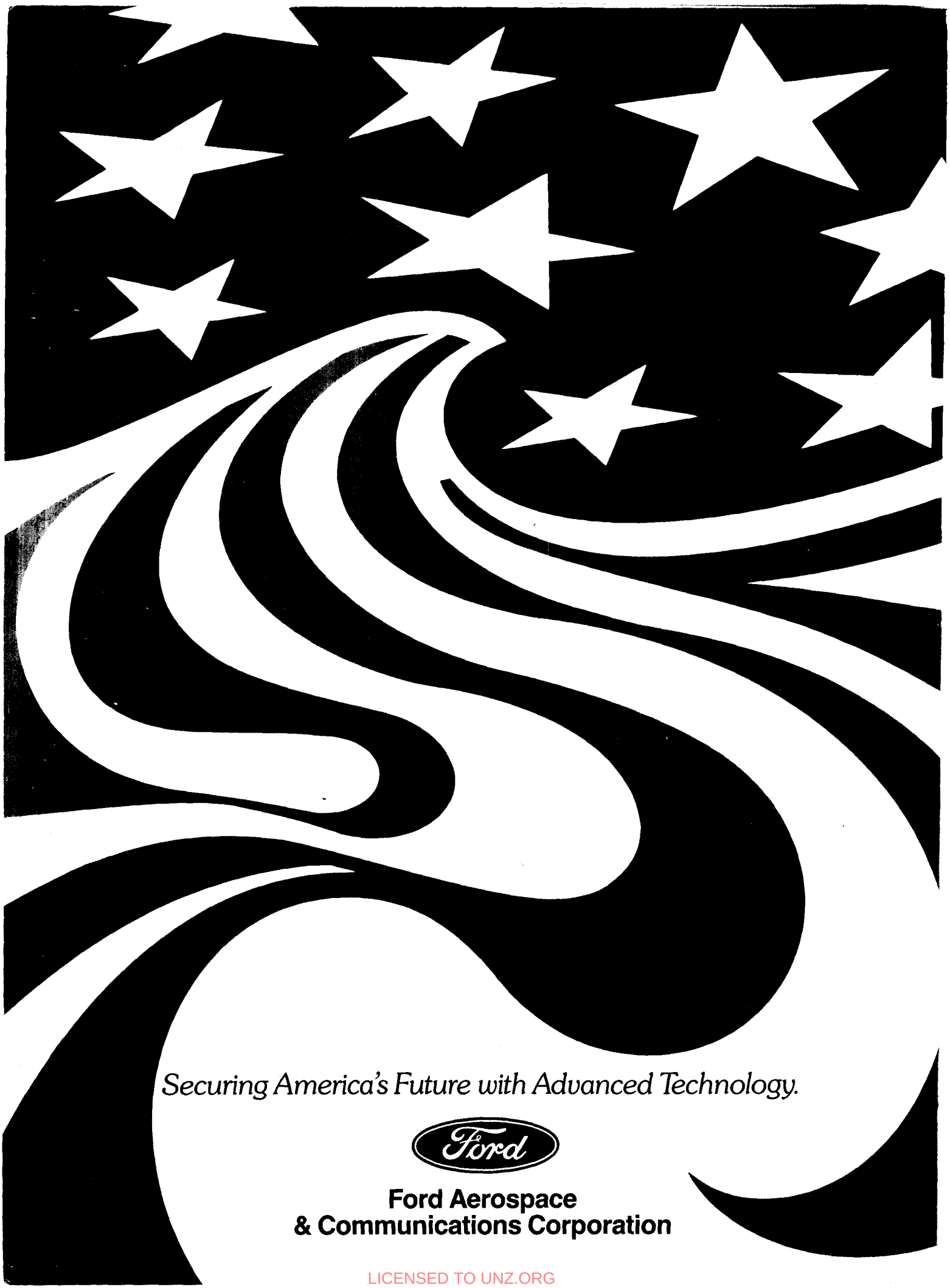

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